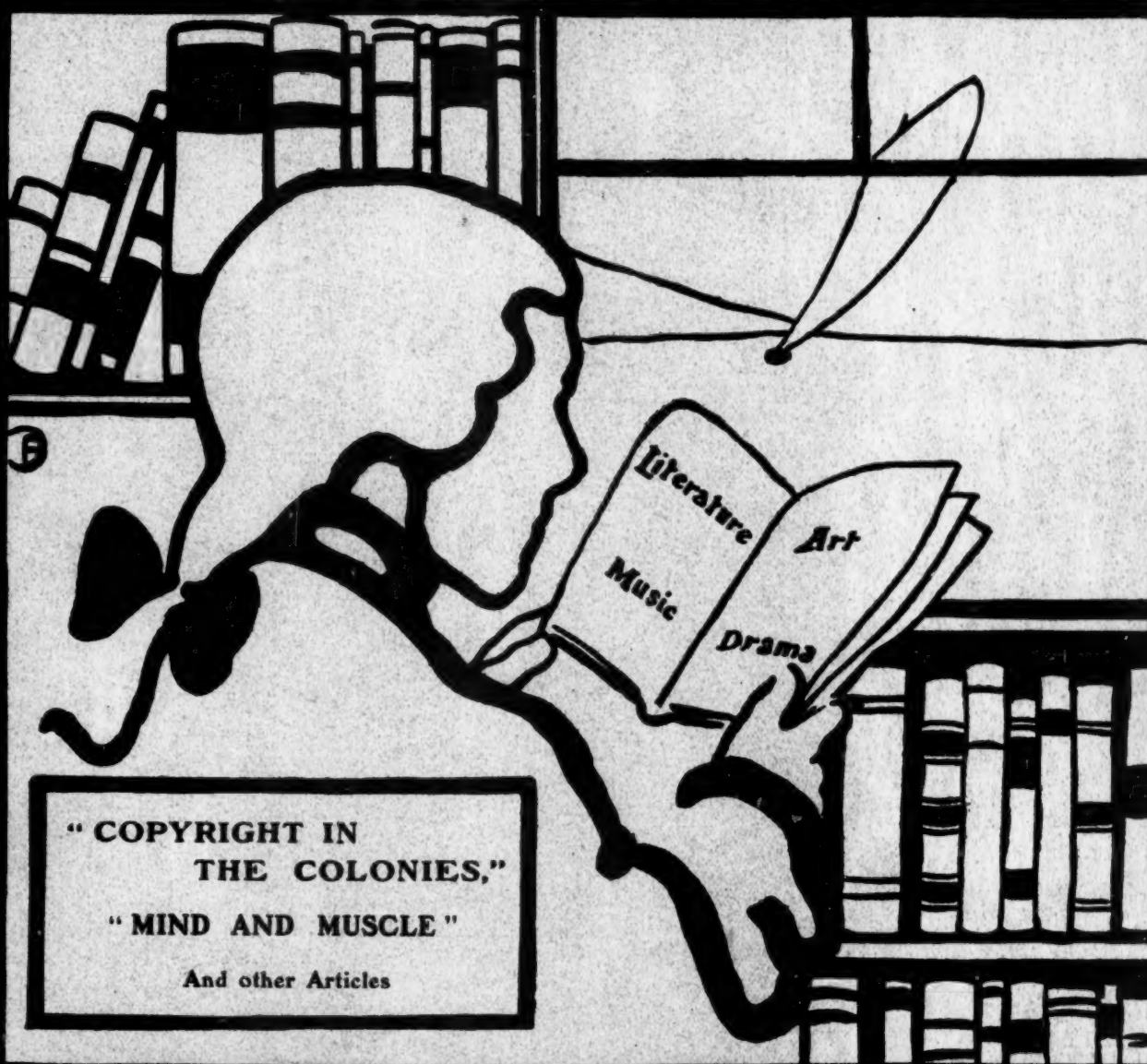


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# The Academy and Literature

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## Literary Notes and News

**A**LL will hear with regret of the illness of Mr. Swinburne. The double pneumonia with which he was attacked has reached and passed the period of crisis. Mr. Swinburne's friends and physicians now entertain the most confident hopes of a quiet recovery; but one must nevertheless recognise that the poet's condition is still exceedingly grave. Pending Mr. Swinburne's convalescence, his publishers (Messrs. Chatto and Windus) are forced to postpone the issue of his new volume of poems.

"ELIZABETHAN REPRINTS" is a "series" not as yet announced, but I fancy a publisher would find a large market for a set of cheap, handy and well-printed Elizabethan reprints. There are numberless books of that period of great interest to students of Elizabethan sociology and literature, which it would be pleasant to have on our shelves in a "set." The price might vary according to the size of the volume. Perhaps the editors of the Unit Library will look into the matter? The drawback to most of the "series" now being issued is that they for the most part contain the same works.

MR. ANDREW LANG is joking again, saying that "A criticism by a reviewer who knows his subject is almost as distasteful to the public as the book itself." What book? And surely it depends upon the reviewer? What more delightful reviewer lives than Mr. A—L—, when writing on a subject he knows? Has some inexpert wielder of the pen been saying what he should not of Mr. A—L—? For on the whole our standard of criticism is high, though there may be few giants in these days, and there are "intelligent" laymen of "ample education, conscientiousness, and interest in the subject in hand" who review and review well.

MR. SIDNEY LEE will deliver a lecture on Shakespeare for the British Empire Shakespeare Society on January 26 at the Bishopsgate Institute.

In the "Illustrated Pocket Library" will appear a new edition of "National Sports" (Methuen) with coloured reproductions on Henry Alken's fifty plates. A "Little Gallery of Reynolds" containing twenty examples in photogravure of the finest work of this great painter will be issued almost at once by Messrs. Methuen.

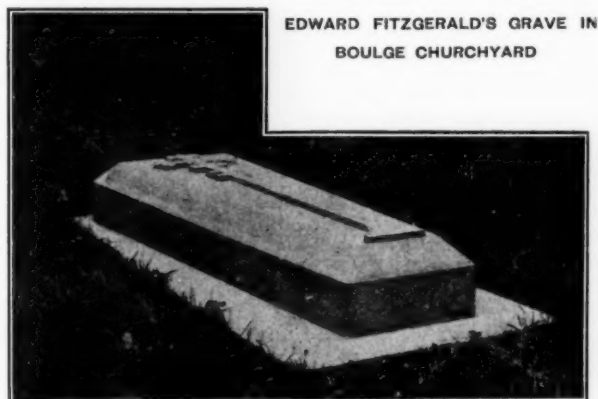
"G. B. S." writes in "Books and Book-Plates" for November: "What we want above all things is not more books, not more publishers, not more education, not more literary genius, but simply and prosaically more shops." It all depends upon the point of view, however.

"THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S COLLECTION OF FRENCH PICTURES," by M. Louis de Fourcaud, is among the principal contents of the December "Magazine of Art." In "Good Furnishing and Decoration: The Dining Room," Mr. Aymer Vallance gives practical hints to furnishers. "Pierre Roche: Sculptor," by Prince Bojidar Karageorgevitch, contains a remarkably novel suggestion for artistic masks for motorists—with illustrations of the sculptor's models—by which the present repellent masks may be avoided. Mr. Yoshio Markino contributes a charming drawing of his impression of "Church Parade" in Hyde Park, which is reproduced in colours.

MR. L. S. AMERY'S "The Problem of the Army" will be published on Monday by Mr. Arnold. The same publisher is issuing by arrangement with the Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London a monograph on "The Great House, Leyton," written by Mr. Edwin Gunn and fully illustrated. The edition will be limited to 350 copies, of which 150 are for sale.

It is with great regret I record the death of Mr. Hugh Stowell Scott, better known by his pen-name of "Henry Seton Merriman." The deceased writer studiously avoided all personal popularity, but readers of fiction always welcomed a new work from the writer of "The Sowers."

An enterprising Berlin publisher has recently been spreading broadcast magazine insets advertising "the



EDWARD FITZGERALD'S GRAVE IN  
BOULGE CHURCHYARD

*[Photo. F. W. Wase, Peasenhall.]*

world-renowned" novels of Sir John Retcliffe. These works bear the alluring titles of "Nena Sahib" (sic), "Sebastopol," "Puebla," "Villafranca," "Magenta and Solferino," &c. The publisher says "these historical tales

are full of life-like studies; we follow the author through the abysses of crime in the capitals of Europe, in Paris, Rome, Vienna, London, Berlin, Constantinople, Hamburg, &c., and the nightly orgies of the better-class men of pleasure are described with such a fervour of phantasy, that the reader seems to be living through them himself"—and much more of that kind of thing. Now, who is, or was, this Sir John Retchiffe? Not an Englishman at all, thank goodness, but a fifth-rate German author, Wilhelm Schroeter by name, who flourished between 1850-70, and wrote a number of pseudo historico-political novels, such as those above-mentioned, and others which he dubbed "Abraham Lincoln," "Jefferson Davis" and "Biarritz." He had a certain cheap "yellow-back" popularity in his time, but why he chose such an extraordinary pseudonym is a mystery. His books have absolutely no value whatever from a literary or any other point of view.

FROM January, 1904, the monthly magazine, "Die Neue Deutsche Rundschau," will be known as "Die Neue Rundschau," and will be issued in a much improved outward form. Among the contributors to the new series are such eminent writers as Hauptmann, Schnitzler, Wassermann, Ricarda Huch and Brandes. In its pages will appear the German translation of the love-letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Indeed, both editors and publishers may be congratulated on a most attractive programme.

"AN ENGLISHWOMAN'S LOVE-LETTERS" are to be accorded the honour of a German translation under the title, "Liebesbriefe eines Englischen Mädchens." A German book of a similar character, and also anonymous, "Briefe die ihn nicht erreichten" (Letters which did not reach him) has lately made a great sensation in Berlin. The letters purport to be written by a woman to a man who unfortunately lost his life in Peking during the late disturbances. She was married, but her husband became insane and he dies during the correspondence. No confession of love had taken place between the lady and her friend when they met in Peking, but with perfect delicacy she reveals to him her real feeling in the letters written after her husband's death. The book has pathos, charm, sincerity, and is indubitably by a woman. To our mind it stands immeasurably higher than its English cousin as the truthful expression of what a woman really feels when deeply in love.

THE second and concluding volume of Bielschowsky's "Life and Works of Goethe" is now available. Both from the critical and biographical points of view, it is one of the best existing books on the subject. Other items of biographical interest are a pleasant little book of reminiscences of Conrad Ferdinand Meyer (d. 1898) by his sister, and an illustrated volume on the life and work of Peter Rosegger by Hermine and Hugo Möbius, who at the start confess themselves great admirers of their author.

SOME chapters selected from the late Mr. Lecky's history, under the title "English Manners and Conditions in the latter half of the Eighteenth Century," are to be edited by H. Hoffmann for use in German schools. If teachers of history in English schools would make a greater use of such works and leave aside ill-written and ill-informed text books, their pupils would certainly profit. It lately came to light that a teacher in a secondary school in this country, in taking a class through the French Revolution, had omitted even to mention the name of Edmund Burke.

"IDEALS OF SCIENCE AND FAITH," to be published by Mr. George Allen in the spring, will contain among other essays contributions by Sir Oliver Lodge, Professor J. H. Muirhead, Professor Patrick Geddes, and Mr. Wilfrid

Ward. The contents of the volume will be divided up into "Approaches through Science and Education" and "Approaches through Faith."

MR. CHARLES H. CAFFIN, the author of the volume on "American Masters of Painting," published by Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., has written a companion book on "American Masters of Sculpture." Among the American sculptors treated in special chapters are Saint-Gaudens, MacMonnies, Ward, Bartlett, French, Borglum, Adams and Barnard, while the author also gives a summary of the progress of sculpture in America and a review of the present situation with the outlook for the future. The value of the volume is enhanced by many illustrations of representative examples of the sculptors' art.

THE second volume of Mr. John Long's Modern Classics will be a reprint of the ever welcome "The Cloister and the Hearth." The illustrations by M. Maurice Lalau should breathe the spirit of mediævalism, which French artists are able to convey so much more accurately than our own.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS AND NORRIS's International Book Circular is a very useful guide to all interested in continental literature. The latest issue (No. 137) contains an interesting note on Professor Adolf Harnack, and a critical survey of recent foreign theological publications, as well as the usual classified lists.

A SECOND edition will shortly be issued of Mr. Bagot's Molesworth's "Pompeii" (Skeffington), a clear proof of public appreciation of good work.

THE Chief Rabbi, Dr. Adler, will read a paper on that remarkable personage, Dr. de Falk, the "Baal Shem" (Master of the Name), of London, at the first meeting of the new session of the Jewish Historical Society of England on Sunday at the Great Central Hotel.

OF the making of "Bridge" books there is still no end. Messrs. Putnam are about to issue a work on the laws and principles of this game—or should one say vocation?—by one "Badsworth." An interesting feature of the volume will consist of a reprint of 29 decisions by the Committee of the "Portland Club" on disputed points which have been submitted to them. These are to be regarded as the final rulings on all the cases involved.

THE literary traditions of New York are to be dealt with in a work also to be issued by Messrs. Putnam. The title of this book is to be "Literary New York: Its Landmarks and Associations." Mr. Charles Helmstreet is the author.

THE same publishers are to issue a work of unusual interest to students of Eastern religions. This is a sympathetic account of the life and teachings of Abbas Effendi, the present head of the Babi or Beha'i religion. Mr. Myron H. Phelps has written the book, which is to be provided with an introduction by Professor Edward G. Browne, of Pembroke College, Cambridge. A timely interest is lent to this publication by virtue of recent massacres among the Beha'is.

THE Rev. W. Meredith Morris has written a volume on "British Violin-Makers: Ancient and Modern." The book is to be issued some time during January by Messrs. Chatto and Windus, and its price will be half a guinea. Mr. Morris has dealt exhaustively with his subject. An interesting chapter in the introductory part of the work will deal with theories concerning the Stradivari tone. Mr. Morris's criticism is avowedly destructive. He is of



opinion that the time has not yet come when it is possible to reach the truth by any other means. The bulk of the book—apart from the introduction—is devoted to the remains of the leading classical makers—Banks, Duke, Forster, Parker, Hardie, &c., and to the work of the modern school, which comprises such men as Mayson, Gilbert, Atkinson, Owens, and Hesketh. Photographs of the finest instruments and reproductions of labels will be included in the book wherever practicable. About seventy of the labels are reproduced in exact facsimile and some seventeen portraits will also be amongst the contents of the volume.

TOWARD the end of February Messrs. Constable will publish the "Incomparable Bellairs," by Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle, which is in a way a sequel to "The Bath Comedy," and which has already been published by Messrs. Stokes & Co., of America, to coincide with the production of Mr. David Belasco's adaptation of "The Bath Comedy," under the title "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." "Rose of the World," by the same authors, will begin in "Cornhill" in July next, and a new romance "If Youth But Knew" will be published serially next year in the "Windsor" and in "Collier's Weekly."

## Bibliographical

THE editor of the "English Men of Letters" series, whoever he may be—surely it is not Mr. John Morley—is stretching his net rather wide when he brings into it Charles Kingsley. Was Kingsley a "man of letters" in the only legitimate sense of that phrase? Was he not simply a literary parson with a turn for socialism? His official biography, "Charles Kingsley: his Letters and Memories of his Life," edited by his wife, appeared in 1877, and in an abridged shape in 1878 (also in 1883). Since then he has been the subject of several lucubrations; such as the biographical sketch by J. J. Ellis in the "Men with a Mission" series (1892), the work by Mauritz Kaufmann entitled "Charles Kingsley, Christian Socialist and Social Reformer" (1892), the lecture by J. A. R. Marriott called "Charles Kingsley, Novelist" (1892), the essay by Frederick Harrison named "Charles Kingsley's Place in Literature" (1895), and the volume by the Very Rev. Dean Stubbs, "Charles Kingsley and the Christian Social Movement," in the "Victorian Era" series (1899). It will be seen that the emphasis has been laid rather upon Kingsley's performances as a "reformer" than upon his achievements as a "man of letters," as admittedly considerable they were.

Though the successive publications of the late Mr. "Seton Merriman" have been dealt with by the daily papers rather more fully than is customary with those chroniclers, my readers may perhaps like to have the following list (not necessarily quite complete) to refer to: "Young Mistley" (1888), "The Phantom Future" (1888), "Suspense" (1890), "Prisoners and Captives" (1891), "From One Generation to Another" (1892), "The Slave of the Lamp" (1892), "With Edged Tools" (1894), "The Grey Lady" (1895, illustrated 1897), "Flotsam: the Study of a Life" (1896, second edition 1898), "The Sowers" (1896), "In Kedar's Tents" (1897), "Roden's Corner" (1898), "The Isle of Unrest" (1899, illustrated 1900), "The Velvet Glove" (1901), and "The Vultures" (1902). It is notable that "The Sowers" ran through seven editions in the year of its issue. "Dross," it may be mentioned, was reprinted in Canada in 1899. Then there are the two books of essays and "character notes" which Mr. Merriman produced in collaboration with Mr. "S. G. Tallentyre"—"From Wisdom Court" (1893, illustrated) and "The Money-Spinner" (1896, illustrated).

Medwin reports Byron as saying that he thought Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore" "little inferior to the best"

work of its kind "which the present prolific age has brought forth." Shelley, much more shrewdly, said, "I should have taken the whole for a rough sketch of Campbell's." We know that, after its appearance in "The Newry Telegraph," over the initials "C. W.," the piece was reproduced in countless newspapers and settled down eventually into a permanent popularity. Its chief merit is, perhaps, that it drew from R. H. Barham a delightful parody. Is it of sufficient value and importance to warrant (as promised) a re-collection and re-issue of *all* Wolfe's effusions? Such a collection was made so long ago as 1825, and was so far successful that we find it reprinted in 1826, 1827, and 1829. Another but much smaller collection was made also in 1825. In each case there was a memoir. The "Remains" of the Rev. Charles Wolfe (minus, one prays, the sermons), printed in compact form, and lightly priced, might be a curiosity for the few; but how about the many?

The new issue of the works of Goethe and Schiller in English includes, it appears, George Henry Lewes' "Life of Goethe," "far better produced" (says "C. K. S.") "than hitherto." That may be; but what edition of the "Life" is used? I presume the first, which appeared in 1855, and was then entitled "The Life and Works of Goethe, with Sketches of his Age and Contemporaries from published and unpublished Sources." But is that edition greatly to be desired? Surely it was superseded by the second edition, "partly re-written," of 1863; just as that was superseded by the third edition, "revised according to the latest documents," of 1875. A fourth edition came out so recently as 1890. (There was, one may note, an "abridgment"—called "The Story of Goethe's Life"—in 1873). A large majority of the reprints of to-day are reprints of first editions only, and do not by any means represent the various works as they issued finally from their authors' hands.

The appearance on one's table of a little book called "Notes from a Lincolnshire Garden" naturally recalls to one the apparition, so long ago as 1879, of that delightful livret by Mr. H. A. Bright, "A Year in a Lancashire Garden." Mr. Bright had written the bulk of it in 1874 in the shape of contributions to "The Gardener's Chronicle," which he made up into a privately-printed volume. For this there was so much demand that he had, in self-defence, to make the book public property. Am I right, or wrong, in thinking that "A Year in a Lancashire Garden" was the first and only begetter of that large progeny of garden books which has since grown up, forming a literature in itself? We have to remember, too, that Mr. Bright deepened his influence by reprinting, in 1881, from the "Quarterly Review," his scarcely less charming essay on "The English Flower Garden," which was probably a source of inspiration and incitement to a large circle of garden lovers.

I am glad to see that the volume of "Collected Poems of Lord De Tabley" has found at least one defender in Mr. Rudmose Brown, of Aberdeen. I can but hope that the purchasers of that volume may share his satisfaction, slightly qualified though it be. Those who are already well acquainted with Lord De Tabley's published works may accept the new collection with equanimity. But it was not for them that I wrote. I wrote for those who, recognising the reputation of Lord De Tabley and desirous of possessing his work in one-volume shape, would expect to find in that volume some guide to the comprehension of that work. It may be true that the arrangement of the poems is *roughly* chronological, but that is not sufficient. Moreover, no statement of that fact is made; there is, indeed, no editorial note whatever—no suggestion of the principle on which the selection has been made, no hint of the system (if any) on which it has been ordered, no indication of the changes to which particular pieces have been subjected in the progress of time. This seems to me to detract greatly from the interest and value of the volume.

THE BOOKWORM.

## Reviews

## A Fine Fighter

THE STORY OF A SOLDIER'S LIFE. By Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley, O.M., K.P., G.C.B., D.C.L., LL.D., &c. 2 vols. (Constable. 32s. net.)

THESE two fascinating volumes present such a variety of interesting aspects that it is not easy to say under which of them they are most noteworthy. Certainly, on the whole, the sense left on the mind of a human document, of a very striking personality, is that which remains most vivid when the volumes have been carefully read through. Lord Wolseley in them lets himself go without restraint. The book is transparently veracious in giving the picture of his own thoughts, feelings, aspirations, beliefs, likes and dislikes, of the view, not only of this world, but of the hereafter that has floated before him throughout life. It is not in any way whatever coloured to bring it into conformity with popularly recognised standards either as regards the ways of men or the theories of churches. More than any other he shows us as the ruling force, which is prominent throughout and very real, an intense belief in a God pretty much of the Mahomedan type, who reserves his special favours for brave, devoted, patriotic soldiers. There is no doubt humour in some of the phrases of his word-pictures of the future soldiers'-paradise, but they nevertheless are very real to him. Thus we have of Sir Hope Grant:—

Vol. ii., page 87.—He was the best of men and the bravest of soldiers. I can think of no higher praise that man can earn.

Vol. ii., page 353.—Through death man wins eternal life, and it is by the deeds of men like gallant Eyre, who have given their lives in action for England all round the globe, that our great empire has arisen and been created.

He [Sir William Hewett]—

Vol. ii., page 368.—He has gone before me to that unknown land, the other world. But surely there must be a United Service Club there, where old Army and Navy men may meet to talk over the wars by land and sea in which they fought their best, and often suffered much for Queen and country.

It will, no doubt, be some consolation to a club that in this world has not received from Lord Wolseley unstinted praise to find itself thus transferred to a better.

Though of a diplomatist like Mr. Parkes, he recognises the equal patriotism—

Vol. ii., page 73.—No more loyal spirit ever sustained a stout heart under more appalling difficulties and trying circumstances. He was indeed a rare instance of absolute devotion to public duty.

Of the distinct aspirations of himself and of Gordon he gives a telling suggestion in the words—

Vol. ii., page 90.—I admired him with a reverence I had never felt for any other man. When he returned from China as the great Christian hero of the Taiping War, I said to him, laughingly, "How differently events might have turned out had I been sent on that mission instead of you. I should have gone there with the determination of wiping out the rebellion and of becoming myself the Emperor of China!" How much loftier and nobler were the objects he sought after than the part I aspired to play there. He had no earthly aspirations, for his Master was not of this world, and ambition, as that vice or virtue is commonly understood, had no resting-place in his philosophy.

And again of the joy of Battle—

Vol. ii., page 70.—I had great pity for our horses, but none for myself nor for my comrades, for the day's fighting had been well worth any year of hum-drum existence. If there was any poor-spirited creature amongst us, that day must have made him a better soldier, and therefore a better man.

From the beginning of his life the devotion to a soldier's career, the resolution to press forward to achievement, to face all risks, to trust in his being preserved for some great destiny, to perfect himself in his knowledge of his duty in all ways, by study, by practice, by experience, to let nothing stand in his way, and to become all that he afterwards became, perhaps, as he suggests, more than he ever became, are stamped on every page of these records.

The book is simply crammed with good stories and with pen-and-ink sketches of those whom he has met throughout life, which though, in regard to the living, they are necessarily marked by certain reticences that will be noticed by those who have known the men, are often very felicitous.

The following description of Major Olpherts and his battery during the Indian Mutinies may serve as a specimen:—

Vol. i. page 332.—Danger I believe amused as well as interested him. His battery was a sort of military curiosity in every way. His gun-carriages were old and always on the verge of absolute dissolution, and as for his harness it seemed to be tied together with pieces of string. The battery had gone into Lucknow with General Havelock and was in every sense a scratch lot. But the heart of every man belonging to it was stout indeed, all ranks taking their tone from their dare-devil captain.

To anyone who knew the gallant old gunner during his later years it is a quaint touch that is thrown in when the words are added:—

Would that he were alive to read these pages. I wonder if there is a lending library in heaven.

Quite apart from the personal interest of a very striking and forceful character brought out with the frankest self-disclosure and no pretence of any kind, we have here told a tale that would have won Desdemona. No one has better right to use Othello's words of "The Story of My Life":—

From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes  
That I have passed

. . . . . even from my boyish days . . .  
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents by flood and field,  
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' the imminent deadly breach.

Though happily Wolseley was never "taken by the insolent foe." There is yet a "witch-craft" in it and there will be some modern Desdemonas who will feel and think with her:—

she wished  
That heaven had made her such a man; she thanked me,  
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,  
I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her.

On one occasion, when speaking to the cadets at Woolwich, Lord Wolseley, in giving them advice as to the best mode of winning their own way to the front, told them that the only receipt he knew was that of always "trying to get themselves killed." It was said in presence of fond parents and excited much wrath among some of the softer-minded folk who heard it. Anyone who reads this life will see that if he was to speak truly of the mode he had pursued himself he could hardly have used other words. Yet the phrase was characteristic, not only in its blunt outspokenness, but in its, for the moment, ignoring all the other elements that had contributed to carry him through from the position of unknown and unfriended ensign to that gladly vacated place of the "nominal Commander-in-Chief" of the British Army. On other occasions he had spoken fully of what comes out so strikingly in the life, the pains he had taken to prepare



himself, by careful study, to be fit to lead men so as not to expose them needlessly to the risk he was always ready to incur himself. There is a certain rather strange contrast between two characteristics common to the man himself and to the book. On the one hand, there is everywhere a tendency very like to that against which the young parson has to be warned "to put all his theology into one sermon." He has, for instance, given us a most enthusiastic description of Mr. Cardwell, as the great minister of Army reform, but when, in regard to the Ashantee campaign, he has to mention Mr. Cardwell's name again, he cannot help repeating the whole encomium on the reformer. The effect is almost as if each chapter had been written as a monograph on the subject on which it treats. Sometimes this tendency appears even on consecutive pages. It is undoubtedly due to the habit of life, invaluable for its own purpose, of concentration on the immediate subject before his mind and of forgetting for the moment all that has passed in order to say all that immediately bears on the point. But this same habit of concentration leads also to the very opposite result in the use of such phrases as that at Woolwich, where he feels so intensely the thing he wants to force home that all else is forgotten and the isolated phrase conveys only one part of his meaning. By itself the statement that the young officer's business was "to try and get himself killed" might lead to the impression that the Beau Sabreur was his ideal of a soldier. What he does mean is that no one will be a soldier worth his salt who cannot share with him that positive enjoyment of danger and excitement which is conveyed in such sentences as these:—

Vol. ii., page 212.—The pleasurable excitement of danger is always an agreeable experience, but the enthralling delight of feeling your frail canoe or boat bound under you, as it were, down a steep incline of wildly rushing waters into what looks like a boiling, steaming cauldron of bubbling and confused waters, exceeds most of the other maddening delights that man can dream of. Each man strains for his life at oar or paddle, for no steerage way can be kept upon your boat unless it is made to run quicker than the water; all depends upon the nerve and skill of the bowsman and steersman, who take you skilfully through the outcropping rocks around you.

To take another aspect of "The Story of a Soldier's Life," we have here through the long series of wars, the Burmese, the Crimean, the Indian Mutinies, the Chinese, the Red River Expedition and the Ashantee, the keen observation and the critical comments of one not only of the largest experience as a soldier, but, with that, one of the most careful students of war. How many suggestions of practical value to any young soldier are thrown out! How many warnings that need to be taken to heart by both statesmen and people at large! Some are naturally disappointed that Lord Wolseley has not carried his story more nearly down to our own time, but he has not spared his references to our present condition, and there is as much food for thought in these two volumes as could reasonably be digested in one season. It is the beginning, no doubt, not the end of a great book, but it contains matter that might well have served to complete the life of a great soldier.

The next aspect that the book presents is that of the history or beginning of the history of the zealous Army Reformer. The circumstances under which Lord Wolseley, Lord Cromer, Lord Northbrook, Lord Cardwell, to speak of them by their later names, initiated the series of reforms which completely transmogrified our army after 1870 and, as Lord Wolseley justly claims, alone made possible the creation of the army which reconquered for us South Africa, are here fully recorded. It was no doubt the beginning of a long fight not ended yet, but it was an all-important beginning, and it was well that its circumstances should be recalled to mind.

Of Lord Wolseley's relations with the War Office and with the successive Secretaries of State we have little

here but a general protest against the whole system: nor can the book in its unfinished form be said to be in this part satisfactory. For if we are to accept Lord Wolseley's conclusions as they here stand, they would amount almost to an endorsement of the view which Captain Ross has recently put forward that for a country with representative Government an effective army is an impossibility. It is certain that no nation would make the revolutionary changes necessary in that case to secure the end unless it had undergone some tremendous catastrophe. Let us still devoutly hope that the shrewd common sense and high-minded patriotism of our people will yet save us from that necessity. Almost the same thing is true of Lord Wolseley's conversion to belief in compulsory service. Hitherto he has always stood out against it on the simple ground that no country has ever yet attempted a system of compulsory service for expatriation. The Army we want is one that must be employed in the general defence of the Empire, not of these islands alone. Therefore, conscription in any form appears to be peculiarly unadapted to our needs. It would be interesting to know what are the circumstances that have caused Lord Wolseley to change this conviction which he has so often vigorously defended.

There is yet one other subject as to which these volumes have an especial interest. The Red River and the Ashantee expedition were the period when he first stepped forth as a great leader of men. He here, therefore, records his method of selecting men, and mentions how he first came across each of those who were subsequently his companions in every quarter of the globe. He tells us how he found out Sir Redvers Buller's great qualities during the course of the Red River expedition from his work with his company in the boats and through the woods, how Sir William Butler became known to him also in Canada, how and why he chose Sir Henry Brackenbury and Sir Frederick Maurice. He gives an enthusiastic and most just appreciation of the services rendered by Sir George Colley, by Colonel Home, and the other officers who were with him. On the whole, it is difficult to think that a more effective defence of the method of selection as practised by him could be put forward. The fact is that the value of selection as a method of advancing the right men depends on the selector. That a system of pure seniority is one thoroughly rotten and mischievous is not open to doubt. The danger lies in the tremendous engine for abuse that a pure system of selection places in the hands of those in power. A little too much subserviency to the dictation of political intrigue on the part of him who is entrusted with the selection, and all that we hold sacred as the defence of right and justice vanishes like a morning dream. In our time the case has actually occurred of an officer being avowedly superseded because, having been engaged on a most disagreeable enquiry much against his wishes, he brought in a conscientious verdict which was disapproved by those who had appointed him. One or two such cases known and understood by the country and the whole system of selection disappears from our record as a thing impossible. Power may be abused for a time, but abused power means before long impotence. All the more honour to the man who can show so clean a record in the principles on which his selections were based. One thing is certain, viz., that when Lord Wolseley says at the end of his two volumes: "Should my narrative interest the general reader it will be a pleasure to continue it to the date when I gladly bid good-bye to the War Office and ceased to be the nominal Commander-in-Chief of Her Majesty's Land Forces" there can be only one answer. The general reader very much desires that the narrative should be continued down to that very date. Meantime he has much food for reflection in the two volumes already published, and he will most assuredly be interested by them.

## Twice Fortunate

FANNY BURNEY. By Austin Dobson. (Macmillan. 2s. net.)

THIS new volume of the "English Men of Letters" series is one of the very best in the whole sequence of miniature biographies and Fanny Burney is singularly fortunate in the biographer to whom she has been committed. This very minor light among novelists of the eighteenth century has fallen to the lot of the living Englishman most deeply versed in that century, most deeply imbued with its spirit, and most happily reflecting its spirit in his own manner of writing. She is twice fortunate. For Fanny Burney (or, in her married name, Madame d'Arblay) was the subject of a famous essay by Macaulay before she fell to the portion of Mr. Austin Dobson as an English "Man" of Letters. And Mr. Dobson has made of her a fascinating little biography. It is handled with all that practised elegance of style, that cunning of pictorial narrative, that anecdotic and allusive deftness, that finished sense of proportion, in which he has scarce a living rival. Its accuracy the critic knows of old he may take for granted, when Mr. Dobson is the writer and the eighteenth century the theme; while you cannot open on a dull page.

But for this Fanny must in fairness share the praise with Mr. Dobson. The opening portion, which treats of her young girlhood before she had published a line, is the most interesting; and it is so by virtue of what is quoted and summarised from her own letters and journals. This little, somewhat stiff, bashful, and even prudish girl, looking shrewdly, from her quiet standpoint, on the brilliant company which crowded her father's house, was a clever and vivacious letter-writer. Her sisters knew the hidden high spirits of the girl so shy in company; she had a keen perception of character, and these qualities in her letters already preluded to the success of her future novels. Nay, for the present day the relations between the two are reversed, and Fanny Burney's letters are worth many "Evelinas."

Take only her first sight of Dr. Johnson. We have had descriptions of Johnson to satiety, but this girl's impression has a certain freshness all its own. We wish we could quote the whole lively and living account, but it is long:—

He is, indeed, very ill-favoured; is tall and stout, but stoops terribly; he is almost bent double. His mouth is almost constantly opening and shutting as if he was chewing. He has a strange method of frequently twirling his fingers and twisting his hands. His body is in continual agitation, *seesawing* up and down; his feet are never a moment quiet, and, in short, his whole person is in *perpetual motion*. . . . He had a large wig, snuff-colour coat, and gold buttons, but no ruffles to his shirt, doughty fists, and black worsted stockings. He is shockingly near-sighted. . . . He *poked his nose* over the keys of the harpsichord till the duet was finished, and then my father introduced Hetty to him as an old acquaintance, and he cordially kissed her.

There you have a vignette which sets the whole outside of the man before you, with a girl's quickness for externals. One guesses the young ladies were not over-delighted to be kissed by that uncouth man. So, also, you are told how he began to poke his nose over the library, fell to on a book, and forgot the company, nor was a word to be got out of him. There is very much more, all most characteristic, but we must cease. With a young lady like this to provide material and Mr. Austin Dobson as showman, it will easily be conceived how charming is the book which results. Once again, we congratulate Mr. Dobson—and Fanny Burney.

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

## Hector

THE LIFE OF HECTOR BERLIOZ, AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF IN HIS LETTERS AND MEMOIRS. Translated from the French by Katherine F. Boulton. (Dent. 3s. 6d. net.)

WHAT a man! Wild, fantastic, grandiose, interesting, stimulating as his own music! Had he no other claim

upon the gratitude of posterity this memoir of his would serve to gain him thanks. It is not, he tells us, a confession, yet he lays bare much, if not all; it is not a detailed narration of the events of his strenuous life, yet he shows us himself as he lived, moved and earned his living. He was fantastic in his hates and loves, bitterly opposed and disliked, as innovators must expect to be, faithfully supported and loved, as only a man good-at-heart can hope to be; he says "few men have been so blessed as I in the devoted generosity and kind-heartedness of my single-minded friends." A fine compliment for any man to be able to pay to himself, more especially a man so pugnacious, so intolerant of opposition, so blind to the merit that might pertain to those with whom he differed, while at the same time so clear visioned of the merits of those whom he admired; among his chiefest friends were Heine, Liszt, Ernst, Heller, Hiller, Janin, Dumas, Saint-Saëns. A man who married twice and more than once took a woman into his life, yet who all his years from childhood worshipped with Dantesque adoration his "Mountain Star." A strange man, a strange life, full of moments of triumph, of days of despondency and almost of despair; a man of many humours, of great courage, of almost demonic energy, of curious wit. But no one could hope to depict Berlioz with half the vividness with which he has painted his own portrait. This arrangement of letters and memoir make up a volume that should be read from first line to last by all those who take human nature for the subject-matter of their study. And apart from the principal figure, there are on this admirable canvas many sketches of great fidelity and curious interest, pictures of a world of men and things with which we are yet in close touch—Adelina Patti and Camille Saint-Saëns for examples—but which is rapidly melting into the dark shadows of history. Here is a vignette: "This was indeed a red-letter day for me! There are not many such in my life. As the music-lovers of Vienna had given me a banquet and a silver-gilt baton, those of Prague gave me a supper and a silver cup. But this same cup poured out such floods of champagne that Liszt, who had made a charming and touching speech in my honour, was shipwrecked therein. At two o'clock in the morning Belloni, his secretary, and I were hard at work in the streets of Prague trying to persuade him to wait till daylight to fight a Bohemian who had drunk more than he had. We were rather anxious about him, as he had to give a concert at noon next day, and at half-past eleven was still asleep. At length he was awakened, jumped into a carriage, walked on to the platform, and played as I verily believe he had never played before. There certainly is a Providence over—pianists." Are such things still done in Bohemia? A few pages further on we read: Wagner "remains calm, for he says that *in fifty years he will be master of the musical world!*"

"What a devil of a world this is!" cried Berlioz; and what a devil of a man was he, we cry! Nowhere but in the grave could he rest! What a man!

W. T. S.

## Literary Celebrities in Departments of State

LEDGER AND SWORD. By Beckles Willson. With a Frontispiece by Maurice Greiffenhagen, and other Illustrations. (2 vols. Longmans. 21s. net.)

MR. WILLSON is as patriotic as anyone could wish; but in the capacity of historian he has a grievance. Fighting men are all very well in their way; but the fame in which they move leaves other notabilities unfairly in the shade. Would a history of our wars between 1760 and 1820, Mr. Willson asks, serve for a biography of George III.? It would not, he says. Neither is a history of British India to be regarded as a sufficient account of the East India Company. Clive, Hastings, and Wellesley were such attractive soldiers that they have completely overshadowed the money-making adventurers, directing affairs



from Leadenhall Street, by whom they were employed. Accordingly, Mr. Willson provides an elaborate account of the mercantile enterprises which, beginning in 1559 and formally ending in 1874, brought large territories in the East under the British Crown.

Gleaned from pamphlets, State papers, and other works, the materials have been carefully sifted and arranged. It may be said, indeed, that Mr. Willson has succeeded in his task. The volumes are such as have to be read, in a disciplinary spirit, by all who would regard themselves as well-informed students of great affairs. A portion which will be of special interest to readers of THE ACADEMY is about "The Muse in Leadenhall Street." Fully a year ago Mr. Arnold White, with whom we cannot at all agree, had occasion to mention that a complaint he had lodged with the Post Office was answered by a distinguished dramatic critic. Inferentially he meant us to perceive, from his epigrammatic indignation, the absurdity of a system which continues lucrative public employment for gentlemen who have obtained celebrity derived from literary or other academic accomplishments. 'Twas ever thus, one is disposed to think, on reading Mr. Willson's pages. What manner of men were they who held appointments in the Leadenhall Street office of the merchant princes? Hoole, whose translation of Tasso received honourable mention from Dr. Johnson, was one of them; James Cobb, whose play "The Humourist" was produced by Sheridan at Drury Lane, another. Charles Lamb, James Mill, John Stuart Mill, and Thomas Love Peacock had fat benefices in the office of the East India Company. That office, it is true, was not quite a Government one; but it was sufficiently akin to justify Mr. Arnold White in realising that the system which he denounces is of long standing. Another consideration is that the system seems to have been spreading with the process of the suns. Where are spent the industrial hours of a certain dainty — and of one of the foremost — critics of this day? In the office of the — of —. Not long ago, if Mr. Arnold White had had business at the — — —, by whom might he have been received? By the Professor of — — at — —. If by any chance he had to call at the office of the Receiver of — —, who would salute him there? A certain courtly — — who writes leading articles in one of our most constitutional morning journals.

Was there anything to be said for the system under which the State provided good berths for gentlemen who gave the best part of their minds, if not of their time, to attaining eminence in letters? We think so; as regards the present age, we must leave this question to Mr. Arnold White, who really has a prescriptive claim to it; but there is no doubt at all that in the case of the East India Company the system had, if not a justification, at least a reason. In the negotiations with Parliament, the Mills and Peacock were very formidable men.

Indeed, it was remarked at the time that if the Company had clever writers enough they could successfully put down all opposition to their interests; and a hint was thrown out that the directors would do well to secure the services of Hood, Lemon, Boz, Thackeray, Jerrold, and Leigh Hunt!

In parting from this fascinating subject, let us, in dread of Mr. Arnold White, who is quick to detect a sophism, frankly admit that the cases with which he has to deal when he has leisure, and that which is presented by Mr. Willson, are not parallel. The literary geni of the East India Company used their talents in the interests of individuals as against the State. Their successors in Government offices have conspicuous talents, and men of letters often find it difficult to live at ease. An expert knowledge of literature or art may not aid in accelerating His Majesty's business. On the whole, it is but natural that the celebrities with whom Mr. Arnold

White has to deal may be tempted to say, with Charles Lamb,

Confusion blast all mercantile transactions, all traffic, exchange of commodities, intercourse between nations, all the consequent civilization and wealth and amity and links of society and getting rid of prejudices and getting a knowledge of the face of the globe, and rotting the very firs of the forest that look so romantic alive and die into desks. *Vale!*

### A Humane Sportsman

WILD NATURE'S WAYS. By R. Kearton, F.Z.S. (Cassell. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE reader of Mr. Kearton's former book, "With Nature and a Camera," does not need telling that this Fellow of a learned society is no wizened and dry-as-dust scientist, but a thorough-going sportsman of the best. Where others go with a gun, Mr. Kearton and his brother go with a gun-camera. But though not slayers of the weak, they do not mind risking their necks, and almost prefer being slung over a cliff for a snap-shot to taking their chance on terra-firma. This book should be quite a revelation to most of its readers. It contains two hundred illustrations from photographs taken direct from nature; and after going through the volume, one may reverse Mr. Gilbert's phrase "they'd every one of them be missed." The frontispiece alone would make the book worth having. Two white butterflies are clinging to a flower, their wings covered with glistening dewdrops. This photograph is a little masterpiece. Mr. Kearton does not confine himself to zoology. There are two photographs, for instance, of daisies asleep (taken before sunrise), and of the same daisies awake (after sunrise). Seen side by side they could not be more instructive, and anyone who cares a straw for Nature must immediately feel a longing to know something about the sleep of plants after seeing it thus under his eyes. Indeed, there is no intrinsic reason for stopping if once one begins to describe some of these photographs. What could be more amusing and significant than that which portrays a male wheatear passing to the female a morsel of food to take to their young? Significant? Why there is a whole philosophy in it! Then, again, take the trio of pictures which show a robin bringing food to some young thrushes; the robin looking at the thrushes after having fed them; and a thrush holding food in her mouth *until her chicks grow hungry again*. But the bird pictures, and even those in the chapter "Curiosities of Wild Life," yield in interest to those which illustrate "Insects at Work and Play." The insect, of course, in an invertebrate animal. He cannot for one moment compare with the bird, which makes a bold claim for precedence even of the mammal in the biological hierarchy, yet what a world of interest there is in his varieties of form and intelligence. His numbers are sufficiently remarkable—there are 150,000 species of beetles alone—but his manners and customs are stranger than fiction and some millions of times more instructive and interesting than all but the highest fiction. Space fails to deal with this and other chapters, but we do most heartily recommend a really delightful book, of which the illustrations are in many instances unique, and in all valuable, whilst the text is readable, often humorous and always pervaded with that feeling of love for Nature mingled with a liking for difficulties in satisfying it, which has suggested our title. C. W. SALEEBY.

### A Religious Opportunist

TALKS OF NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA WITH GENERAL BARON GOURGAUD, TOGETHER WITH THE JOURNAL KEPT BY GOURGAUD ON THEIR JOURNEY FROM WATERLOO TO ST. HELENA. Translated with Notes by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. (McClurg.)

LORD ROSEBERY in "Napoleon: the Last Phase," paid a deserved compliment to Gourgaud's record of life at St. Helena and the present volume is a welcome and useful abridgment of the work. The extracts are practically

confined to Napoleon's utterances on matters of historic importance, the petty squabbings with Sir Hudson Lowe and other immaterial matters being omitted. Of course



Illustration from "Wild Nature's Ways."

Gourgaud must still be read as a whole by anyone who would really approach to an understanding of Napoleon the man, but of Napoleon the politician and the soldier Mrs. Latimer's extracts give a useful picture.

The volume opens with Gourgaud's Journal describing the adventures—in so far as he knew them—of his master on his way from the field of Waterloo to St. Helena and a sorry picture it is. Napoleon was not at his best when defeated and the account of his hours at Rochefort, previous to his offering himself as guest to Great Britain, is painful reading.

The Talks are gathered together in groups, such as "Early Years," "Rise to Fame and Fortune," and so on, and are fascinating as is everything Napoleonic. It would occupy too much space and is hardly necessary with a not new book to criticise the accuracy or otherwise of the Emperor's statements, but we may fittingly devote a few lines to a curious and too little studied side of his character. There is, indeed, much food for thought in the chapter entitled "Religion." Napoleon's fantastic ideas of the origin of life call for no comment. His was a matter-of-fact mind—"I would believe any religion that could prove it had existed since the beginning of the world"; that was his test of men and things; the strong thing capable of resistance to attack, in that he could believe; failure to him—with the single exception of his own life—was proof of weakness and wrong. Again, in the same sentence, "All religions owe their origin to man"; religion apparently

was to him a question of statecraft, he wished to decide on good evidence which was the most practically useful religion for a ruler to adopt, that was all he seemed to seek. Later on, "The Mohammedan religion is the finest of all," and "If I had stayed in the East, I should probably have founded an empire like Alexander, if I had made a pilgrimage to Mecca, where I would have made prayers and genuflexions before the Prophet's tomb; but I would not have done this, without first making sure it would be worth the trouble."

He was a religious opportunist.

LETTRES INÉDITES DE MME. DE STAËL À HENRI MEISTER.  
Publiées par MM. Paul Usteri et Eugène Ritter.  
(Paris: Hachette.)

THE correspondence of Henri Meister with Madame de Staël deserves publication, but chiefly as a means of rescuing the name of Meister himself from oblivion, which the editors have accomplished in an elegant memoir. Madame de Staël herself tells us that at the date of the greater part of this correspondence she had ceased to take any especial care with the composition of her letters, and the subjects of those given in this volume are not in general of sufficient interest to make amends for this negligence. They are notwithstanding interesting as affording traces of the writer during the most agitated period of her unsettled life. Commencing in 1791, they continue to her death, and abundantly prove her esteem for her correspondent. His father was a Swiss pastor, his mother a Frenchwoman, he was born in France in 1744, and educated in Switzerland. He was himself ordained to the pastorate at the early age of nineteen, but soon quitted the ecclesiastical profession for literature, and removed to Paris, a step accelerated by a prosecution in which a free-thinking pamphlet had involved him. This was in 1768, he had first visited Paris in May, 1766, a month after the birth of Madame de Staël. His Swiss origin, probably, introduced him to her mother, Madame Necker, and he was soon at home in the literary circles of Paris. He had an especially close acquaintance with Diderot, with whose daughter he maintained a life-long friendship. His principal literary distinction is his having been chosen to carry on the "Correspondance Littéraire" after the death of Grimm, and half of that celebrated work belongs to him. He was driven from France by the Revolution in 1792, and after an attempt to settle in England, which did not suit him, he established himself at Zurich, and continued to carry on the "Correspondance" until 1812. His days were tranquil and honoured, and he maintained correspondence with Madame de Staël and other distinguished personages. He died in 1826.

HISTORICAL LECTURES AND ADDRESSES. By Mandell Creighton.  
Edited by Louisa Creighton. (Longmans. 5s. net.)

MRS. CREIGHTON has gathered into this volume certain of what we may perhaps be allowed to call the odds and ends of the late Bishop of London's public utterances. But though the lectures comprised in it are somewhat loosely connected, they bear the hall-mark of the distinguished historian and churchman who composed them. The most striking is that with which the Bishop inaugurated his course on the Dixie foundation at Cambridge. It shows what history meant to him and what he tried to make it mean to others. "Many undergraduates," he declared, "learn more from a detailed view of our period than they could learn from a general sketch." His own attention was directed to the field of ecclesiastical history, he tells his audience, by the fact that he accidentally attended a course of lectures by Dr. Shirley on the life and works of Anselm, at a time when he was in absolute ignorance of mediæval history. It is accordingly a taste for detail that, in the more or less popular lectures in this book, he encourages his hearers, whether country clergymen or citizens of London addressed



from the pulpit of St. Paul's, by all means to foster. The lecture on Laud's position in the history of the Church of England is remarkable for its sympathetic insight into both the character of the great primate and the difficulties of his case. In that on St. Francis of Assisi, Dr. Creighton shows, more than might have been expected, a sense of the charm of the "Little Poor Man's" life-poem. The less familiar side is turned to us again in the lecture on St. Edward the Confessor. The Congregationalists and the Baptists, in the lectures devoted respectively to those two sects, we are not surprised to see set in a dignified place as exponents, in their own time, of facets of truth of which the contemporary world was unmindful.

PLACE-NAMES OF SCOTLAND. By James B. Johnston, B.D. (Edinburgh: Douglas. 6s. net.)

THE Minister of Falkirk tells us, in this second edition of a valuable and attractive book, that with "no very great cost" a "satisfactory working list" of Scottish place-names might be produced in five years, if only some wealthy enthusiast would provide the endowment. He thus disarms any criticism but that which is meant to be helpful of his own work; and, therefore, in place of finding fault we shall offer the author one or two suggestions for amendment. Let us take the Crieff district of Central Perthshire. On the derivation of "Crieff" Mr. Johnston appears unable to make up his mind. In the Introduction he favours *crubha*, a haunch or shoulder; while in the list he says, "more prob. G. *cracuibh*, 'among the trees.'" We prefer the *crubha* origin, which, as he admits, accurately suits the location of Culcrieff. This, he may like to know, is locally pronounced Culchree, while Crieffvechter is locally Currievechter, indicating probably diverse origins; Crieff itself has always been pronounced as spelt. Whatever it may be in result, Highlandman Station is in intention no more a "humorous name," as Mr. Johnston supposes, than Roman Wall. The place takes its name from Highlandman's Loan (lane) two hundred yards away, which formed the direct road from the Central Highlands to the south. There is no Peffre at Innerpeffray, but there is a Pow, and from this a local writer derives Powfray. Finally, Madderty, in a charter of 1223, is Machranin, apparently cognate with *machair*, and old people used to speak of "the Plain o' Mathertie." Perhaps these hints may be useful to Mr. Johnston for another edition of his book, the introduction to which would of itself form a very useful text-book of the principles of place-name derivation.

SEA-WRACK. By F. T. Bullen. (Smith, Elder. 6s.)

THE value of Mr. Bullen's work lies in his knowledge of that of which he writes, rather than in his method of presentation. He knows the sea as a sailor knows it; but the craft of writing is still strange to the author of some half-dozen books. Moreover, he is inclined to the sentimental; an unhappy obsession which is apt to ruin the interest of his short stories. Of those in his latest book, "Sea-Wrack," twelve out of the fourteen do not, we will say, carry enough ballast. The rest of the book is made up of articles, and it is in these that Mr. Bullen is at his best. In those dealing with "Life on board a Tramp" and "Whales at Home," for instance, we have some really useful information. And useful information—that, and nothing else—is what we want from Mr. Bullen. "A Great Merchant Seaman," a sketch of the late Captain S. T. S. Lecky, carries a suggestion that Mr. Bullen would do well to undertake his life, and the lives, perhaps, of other heroes of the mercantile marine. He has the peculiar knowledge which interprets the doings—concisely chronicled in many a ship's log—of such men; the imagination which gives them life, and a ready—a too ready—pen. Those of Mr. Bullen's readers who remember

"The Cruise of the Cachalot" would much regret to observe the author of so good a book declining upon what we fear we must call "pot-boilers"; whether in the classic shades of "The Spectator" or elsewhere.

THE JEWISH ENCYCLOPEDIA. Vol. V., Dreyfus-Brissac—Goat. (Funk and Wagnalls Co. 25s.)

THE fifth volume of this truly great work contains no fewer than 1,326 articles, which have been prepared by 176 editors and collaborators. They fill 707 pages, in which there are also 135 illustrations. These figures multiplied by twelve (the number of volumes in which the work will be completed) will give the reader a notion of the magnitude of the "Jewish Encyclopedia." It will also convince him that within the limits of this notice we can name only a few features of the pages before us. Some notable historical studies fall within the volume. Thus the Jews of "Europe," "England," "France," and "Germany" are the subjects of important articles. Among Biblical subjects we have Ecclesiastes, Elisha, Esther, and Ezra, all of peculiar interest when treated by Jewish scholars. Throughout the volume we are reminded by many titles that one can never know all that is important about the simplest things until we have studied them as part of Jewish life. Mr. Joseph Jacobs, who contributes the article on Jews in England, writes very



Illustration from "Sea-Wrack."

curiously on the subject of Eggs. We have even an article on "Household Furniture," and others on "Embroidery," "Gems and Precious Stones," "Grants," and "Glass." Among articles of popular interest we might cite that on Finance as eminently fair and interesting.

## Fiction

DR. LAVENDAR'S PEOPLE. By Margaret Deland. (Harper. 6s.)

EVERYBODY who is familiar with "Old Chester Tales" will welcome this collection of stories about Old Chester. Dr. Lavendar is its pastor, who says to the Substitute, "If you take my advice you'll pray the Lord that your people will treat you as you don't deserve," and tells him to preach in a pea jacket if it helps him to preach better. Dr. Lavendar is only one of many quaint and delightful people who live in Old Chester, people as remote from every-day life as is the little village itself, with its gentle joys and sorrows, its tea parties and its gossip. But the authoress can write of trivial, everyday happenings with rare charm and humour; she shows us some of the people who live in Old Chester in such a way that we almost feel we have met them in the flesh. There is the little schoolmistress who "was conscientious about the number of feet in the highest mountain in the world," and "saw to it that her pupils could repeat the sovereigns of England backward," and her brother whom she supported because he had had a love disappointment in his youth and had acquired the habit of failure. There is the foolish widow Smily who lived in the Stuffed Animal House, and Lydia Sampson, who is always being assisted by her neighbours and spends the money so received in giving presents to the donors. If we can hardly conceive of a village where so many quaint and delightful people could be gathered together, still in reading the stories we scarcely take note of this, so delicately and simply are they narrated.

STARK MUNRO LETTERS. ROUND THE RED LAMP. THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD. TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO. THE GREEN FLAG. A DUET WITH OCCASIONAL CHORUS. By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. (Author's Edition. 12 vols. in all. Smith, Elder. £3 12s. net.)

THE Author's Edition of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's works is now complete, and author, publisher, and owners of the volume are alike to be congratulated. Severe simplicity marks the *format*, honest, straightforward type, paper, and binding, all of the best. Of the writer too it may be said that his stories are honest and straightforward, never deviating into sham sentiment or false emotion, full of force, swing, healthy adventure. It is too early by many years to venture a judgment on the writer's standing in the republic of letters, but so far as his own generation is concerned all lovers of clean fiction owe him a considerable debt of gratitude. "I have nothing to add or subtract," he says in the eight-line introduction to one of the volumes, and we may say that though we look forward with pleasure to many additions to these handsome volumes we would not wish a line subtracted. The edition is fine and the matter contained in it fine also.

THE CHRONICLES OF WESTERLEY. By the Author of "Culmshire Folk." (Blackwood. 6s.)

THERE are plenty of leisurely people who will find enjoyment and amusement in this new novel "by the author of 'Culmshire Folk.'" But it is an old-fashioned book that will hardly appeal to the modern novel-reader, who will not be troubled by lengthily moralisings which interrupt the plot, by tales at a tangent which have nothing to do with the main story, and by multitudes of minor characters who take up a great deal of room with but insignificant parts in the drama. It is indeed astonishingly old-fashioned. It might have been written by Frank Smedley or Charles Lever, except that it has none of the fire that burns in the works of those two worthies. Certainly "Harry Lorrequer" must have inspired the plot which meanders through these chronicles of a country town. The practical jokes of a young lieutenant, the incidents of a garrison ball, the flirtations of elderly officers, the scandal-mongering of elderly spinsters, the tender love-tragedies of young "old-maids," the conventional characteristics of country squires and country doctors, all the ingredients of this long-drawn tale of love and war are completely reminiscent of the novels of the mid-Victorian period. It is not a picture of real life. There is something very theatrical about these gallant officers, and their conversation is of a kind familiar in the good old plays of Tom Taylor. Still, to say that it is old-fashioned is not to say that the story is bad. On the contrary, there is some pleasant humour, and pretty sentiment in "The Chronicles of Westerley," and those who can spare time to read through its four hundred pages will have no right to complain of the entertainment provided.

THE YOUNG GERANDE. By Edmund White. (Blackwood. 6s.)

THERE ought to be an adjective—cuddy for preference—to describe the solid novel which yields the reader plenty to chew upon. Having thus introduced the thin edge of a wedge of neology, we

may pronounce Mr. Edmund White's new novel a well-conceived and fairly readable example of excessively cuddy fiction. The time is 1862, the place Berlin, and the theme the conflict between a girl's love and her passion for the stage. The author takes no side; but the book pathetically points to the incompatibility between the efforts which convert nobodies of talent into Cabinet Ministers or prime donne and the formation of romantic attachments. There is much intellectual talk in the book, for we are put in the society of economical students and a devoted expounder of Shakespeare. The title-character seems to have convinced everybody of his charm, but, though an Englishman, his discourse is sometimes Teutonically heavy. Mr. White makes the mistake of ignoring the fact that conversation in a public place is affected by the sense in the speakers of their proximity with strangers. He might well retort that the dinner-parties of current fiction conventionalise his fault, but he is clever enough to reject its facile service. We conclude by felicitating him on his sympathetic delineations of German life. An elderly Mr. Worldly Wiseman is well studied, as also are the bourgeoisie of a Guild Ball.

THE QUEEN CAN DO NO WRONG. By Herbert Compton. (Chatto and Windus. 6s.)

THIS work has some very agreeable qualities. With the kidnapping of Desmond Tempest, a fine sense of adventure suffuses its pages from the beginning. The villain, Dr. Pasco, takes the boy, from his home in Ireland, to London, where several years are spent in a house of gambling and other evil fame. All this time we do not know why the boy, now known as Jimmy Rabbit, has been stolen. Well, one day Jimmy runs away from Dr. Pasco near Blackheath; the villain pursues and overtakes him; and the lad is rescued by a lady who turns out to be none other than the Princess Caroline. Henceforth, quickly alternating between battles at sea and brawls ashore, between life at court and scandals in Parliament, the story, with two pretty love affairs bubbling up in it whenever there is a little leisure, is the most valorous anyone could wish. The plan of the work is not unlike that of Thackeray's "Esmond" and of Sir Walter Scott in many of the Waverley Novels. With all possible good wishes, one cannot truthfully say that Mr. Compton is the equal of these his great predecessors in historical romance. Still, certainly he has something of the spirit of both; and it cannot be denied that he has studied to good effect the history of the time in which his tale is laid. He is all for the Queen. There is not much harm in that; even though many other personages have their memories severely scorched in his enthusiasm.

ON THE WE-A TRAIL. By Caroline Brown. (Macmillan. 6s.)

THIS book hovers on that buffer-state of fiction which widely misses the sympathy of the adult without appealing to the sensationalism dear to the boy reader. But perhaps the generous dedication to the "sons and daughters of the Revolution, the Colonial dames, whose forefathers and foremothers were pioneers," &c., &c.,—perhaps this dedication will secure among the privileged class named a sufficient following to justify publication. For the tone of the book provokes mirth at the wrong moment; it is hard to read, for instance, of a hero whose "strong chin is relieved by an Apollo's cleft, whose lips beautifully curled, yet almost too thin, made their line of junction sharply and firmly, as if at the very door of manhood he had learned over early how hard a thing life is." And what is there left in the descriptive way for the heroine; she can hardly hope to outrival her lover. Listen! "Her great blue eyes swam in tears, and a pair (!) of them fell upon his hand. . . he felt as if seared by a branding iron." The hero has this dreadful and embarrassing experience on page 8. It serves its purpose, however, and prepares him for the laceration of the tomahawk which is to follow in due course. But he escapes death by a curious feat of swimming, which completely takes the Indians by surprise, as it does the reader.

The book is of Indians, pioneers, soldiers of the Revolution, canoes, scalps, and a trail.

THE TRAGEDY OF CHRIS. By Rosa Mulholland. (Sands. 6s.)

A SMALL story of the friendship of two girls. Sheelia O'Ryan, who begins life in the workhouse, drifts into selling flowers with happy-go-lucky Chris, at the foot of the O'Connell statue in Dublin. Chris gets into bad company and disappears. The rest of the story is concerned with Sheelia's search for her in London, and her own eventual good fortune.



## Short Notices

**THE LITTLE PEOPLE.** By L. Allen Harker. (John Lane. 5s.) Whether Mr. Harker really understands the average little child, or whether he imagines his child, and then brings it into sympathetic surroundings, must remain a moot point. Here are seventeen stories about children, most of which have already appeared in periodicals. All of them are entirely delightful and full of appreciation of the subtler side of child-character, but one feels, despite the intimate charm of the youngsters, that the author has written about children as he would like to see them, rather than as they actually are. Not that his children are unchildlike, or precocious, or smart, or horrid. On the contrary, they are uniformly dear. But somehow they are not quite flesh and blood. They are dream-children, changelings, half fairy and half mortal. For all that, Mr. Harker has written a notable book, with much insight, and more good taste. For which rare gifts we should be duly thankful.

**THE HOUSE OF USNA: A DRAMA.** By Fiona Macleod. (Thomas B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, U.S.A.) This is a somewhat larger edition of the book by Fiona Macleod, a tiny edition of which, from the same publishers, we have already noticed. The format is tasteful and the print excellent. Though a drama essentially poetic in character, founded as it is on one of those Irish legends or poems of the heroic age which are now engaging such wide attention from the modern revivers of Irish literature, it is written throughout in prose. In fact, it is simply one of Miss Fiona Macleod's well-known short romantic tales told in dramatic rather than narrative form. Personally, we think it loses somewhat by the change. The picturesque and vaporously coloured narrative detail, of which she has the secret, seems necessary to the full effect she has accustomed us to expect from her. And the absence of any real characterisation, any outstanding personality, is felt a drawback in the drama as it is not in a story. Yet it is done with skill, the legend has inherent dramatic quality, and retains in the new form its dream-effect. "Too many dreams!" cries Conchobar; and it is perhaps the weakness of Ireland, as the reverse is of England.

**ENGLISH SPORT.** Edited by A. E. T. Watson. Illustrated. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.) Two good sportsmen no longer among us and twenty others entitled in great measure to take high rank in sporting circles have contributed to make this reprint an authoritative work and it will in its present attractive form no doubt reach a far wider circle of readers than in the magazine in which it first appeared. The definition of "English Sport" is, it must be admitted, not very accurate, even with the editor's explanation in the preface. He apologises for lion and Spanish ibex as exotic beasts, but adds that the shooting of them is an English sport. But why have gone to Spain in pursuit of a goat that not one English sportsman in ten thousand ever tries to see, when our own India furnishes tiger shooting, and that most English of all sports, pig-sticking? Why have allowed a single "Master of his Art" to withhold his name? When it is insisted that no better selection could have been made, the editor should in every case have taken the reader into his confidence. Why entrust the only article on skating to a lady; and if to a lady, why not to Mrs. Syers or one of her peers? And above all, why not an index? As in his "Fur and Feather" series Mr. Watson seems to regard an index as superfluous, yet so busy a man might be thought capable of appreciating its uses. These are blemishes, no doubt, and what book is without them? All said and done, these well illustrated articles on hunting, shooting, racing, fishing, cricket, polo, motoring, rowing, falconry, skating, steeple-chasing, football, golf, lion shooting, the Spanish ibex and billiards will furnish a very handsome gift book for the Christmas holidays, while in almost every instance the editor could not, as he says, have found a better qualified writer.

**TITLEBAT TITMOUSE.** Dr. Samuel Warren's "Ten Thousand a Year," edited by Cyrus Townsend Brady. Illustrated by Will Crawford. (Funk and Wagnalls.) An abridgment of this once popular story, the matter deleted being chiefly the sentimental Aubrey episodes and the legal disquisitions and moral reflections. It is doubtful if the work were worth the doing, but it has been done well. The fun is rather old-fashioned and forced, but there are some flashes of real humour and some clever caricature. The illustrations are, with a few exceptions, more than worthy of the text.

**THE VENTURE: AN ANNUAL OF ART AND LITERATURE.** Edited by Laurence Housman and W. Somerset Maugham. (John Baillie.) Literary contents by G. K. Chesterton, Thomas Hardy, Mrs. Meynell, Miss Netta Syrett, Stephen Phillips and others; woodcuts by C. H. Shannon, Charles S. Ricketts, Laurence

Housman, and others. A tasteful *olla prodrida* of literature and art, appealing to the few and fit. Artistically gotten up.

**LA GRILLE DU JARDIN.** Par René Puaux. (Paris: Plon-Nourrit.) The high standard of his former volumes of verse is well maintained in M. René Puaux' latest book of poems. His lines are fluent, musical; full of tender thoughts and subtle similes. The author must be an ardent flower lover, for in scarcely a single poem is the scent of the garden absent. Among much that is good, it is difficult to choose the best, but perhaps the little group of verse headed *les bords de l'horizon* contains the essence of his simple charm. That M. Puaux does not admire Rudyard Kipling is fairly evident from a poem headed with his name. The first verse runs:—

De petits yeux mauvais derrière les lunettes.  
Des souvenirs assez jolis de Calcutta.  
Des tigres, des serpents et quelques autres bêtes  
Qui parlent une langue enfantine et bête.

The remaining lines are even less complimentary. One may not agree with this view, but it in no way detracts from the cleverness of the rest of M. Puaux' book.

**CHAMPIONS OF THE TRUTH: SHORT LIVES OF CHRISTIAN LEADERS IN THOUGHT AND ACTION.** Edited by A. R. Buckland, with fifteen Portraits. (Religious Tract Society. 3s. 6d.) Here are pen portraits of eighteen evangelical teachers, beginning with Wyclif and ending with Spurgeon. It need hardly be said, perhaps, that their eighteen biographers treat them from about the same point of view. The admirable thing is that, though that point of view is one with which a given reader may not be so fortunate as to find himself in sympathy, it is one which has the advantage of showing the subject of the biography at his best. It is a little surprising, for instance, to see Foxe comprehensively described as "the distinguished annalist of Christian martyrdom." And in view of the accumulated admissions of his present biographer, one thinks that the praises of his faithfulness and accuracy might have been softened. But Dr. Green (and the same may be said in general of the collaborators) has been at pains to get at the human side of his subject. He treats not so much of Foxe the fiery sensation-monger, with whom anything was credible so that it made against Popery, as of the kindly and convinced old Puritan, to whom persecution was an evil in itself; who dared to remonstrate with Elizabeth bent on burning Anabaptists, and on hanging Catholic priests on the presumption of treason—according to the Act in that case made and provided; a humorous old fellow, too, in his dry way, who to a young man who could conceive in the old authors no reason why men should so greatly admire them, "No marvel, indeed," retorted, "for if you could conceive the reason you would admire them yourself." A very pleasant volume and the more to be valued for the sake of its fifteen portraits.

**NOVELLEN DES LYRIKERS.** Von Hugo Salus. (Berlin: Fleischel. 2s.) Hugo Salus has hitherto only written verse, and verse of a high quality. Perhaps the best thing he has done so far is his one act verse play of "Susanna in Bade," a subject greatly loved of sixteenth century German dramatists. In the book before us the poet essays for the first time to write prose, and in the introduction depicts prettily and not without humour the struggles of the poet whose ways are through flower gardens and "melodious" groves, with the prose-writer whose path lies between corn-fields and potato patches. There follow some ten prose sketches full of charm and verve. The subjects are varied. We have an open-air study on sea-bathing full of poetry, a scrap of autobiography the scene of which lies in Prague, a piece of psychology involving the relations between married folk, a picture of the delights of Italy. Ideas and descriptions prevail over plot and characterisation, but the freshness and breeziness of style and atmosphere make the little tales attractive and welcome.

**THE STORY OF EXTINCT CIVILIZATIONS OF THE WEST.** By Robert E. Anderson, M.A. **THE STORY OF THE ATLANTIC CABLE.** By Charles Bright, F.R.S.E. (The "Library of Useful Stories." Newnes. 1s. each.) The preface to the latter volume reminds us that the engineer of the first Atlantic Cable brought his work to a successful issue at practically the same age as Mr. Marconi sent his first messages across the Atlantic. Both these manuals are valuable additions to the "Library of Useful Stories," and should be sought by all students.

**CATHARINA REGINA VON GREIFFENBERG (1633-1694).** EIN BEITRAG ZUR GESCHICHTE DEUTSCHEN LEBENS UND DICHTENS IM 17. JAHRHUNDERT. Von Hermann Uhde-Bernays. (Berlin: Fleischel. 2s.) We have here a pleasant picture of a learned lady of seventeenth century Germany. The greatest interest of the little book lies in the contribution it makes to the history and place of the sonnet in German poetry. Despite the efforts of some of the adherents of the Romantic School, the form has not commended itself to German poets. Goethe composed a few sonnets, but they do not

rank with his best work. The German language has probably something to answer for in this, for it does not easily lend itself to the soft, melodious sounds wherein much of the beauty of a sonnet resides. Some genuine poetry may be found in Catharina's "Geistlichen Sonnette, Lieder, und Gedichte" (1662), among much which is affected and overlaid with the fashionable conceits of the day. Sonnet 225, in praise of Spring, compares well in all respects with similar work by our English seventeenth century sonneteers. Du Bellay seems to have been Catharina's model.

SIXTEEN ILLUSTRATIONS OF SUBJECTS FROM KIPLING'S "JUNGLE BOOK." By Maurice and Edward Detmold. (Macmillan. 105s. net.) Mr. Kipling should be a proud man, for seldom—if ever—has a volume of stories been so honoured as his "Jungle Book" is honoured by these fine plates. The atmosphere of the book has been caught exactly, the artists evidently having worked *con amore*. Nothing could be better than "Akela the Lone Wolf," "Mowgli and Bagheera," and "The Cold Lairs." The drawings are finely conceived and admirably executed and reproduced. To lovers of the "Jungle Books"—and they must be numberless—no gift could be more welcome than these "Sixteen Illustrations." May we ask for more?

THE JUST SO SONG BOOK. Words by Rudyard Kipling. Music by Edward German. (Macmillan. 6s.) We all have the "Just So" stories in an honourable position on our bookshelves; now we can put the songs from them in our music cabinet. Reading them again to Mr. German's music, we wonder how it is that no one has set them to music before. Liza Lehmann and Ethelbert Nevin rendered this service to some of the verses from Stevenson's "Garden," but up to the present time we have only been able to read the "Just So" poems. Thanks to Mr. German we can now play them and sing them and hum them; we need not "frost with a book by the fire." The composer is to be heartily congratulated on the successful accomplishment of a rather difficult and unusual task. He has thoroughly caught and conveyed the feeling of the verses; admirers of Kipling would resent it were it otherwise. There is a quaint charm and originality about the melodies that is very attractive. "Merry Down" and "Of all the Tribe of Tegumai" are particularly graceful and melodious, while "Rolling Down to Rio" goes with a fine swing and lilt.

THE GIBSON CALENDAR, 1904. (Pictorial Comedy. 10s. 6d.) This is not the Gibson girl's first season by any means; any other girl would have been voted a "wallflower" long ago. But she is still as fresh and pretty as ever and charms us as in her first season; indeed there is the added charm of old friendship. Though she here serves to remind us of the flight of time, the promise of spring, the fulfilment of the summer, the chilly winter, we cannot help but forgive her. Mr. Charles Dana Gibson's hand has not lost its cunning.

### Reprints and New Editions

LYRICS AND SONNETS OF WORDSWORTH. Selected and edited by Clement K. Shorter. (The Museum Edition. Gibbings. Leather 2s. 6d., cloth 1s. 6d.) "C. K. S." amply justifies in his Introduction this appearance of another volume of selections from Wordsworth; it is hardly necessary to say that the work has been well done and this little "pocket book" should lie in the pocket of every Wordsworthian. Excellently printed.

ESSAYS BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY. Introduction by Charles Whibley. THE CHRISTIAN YEAR by JOHN KEBLE. Introduction by the Archbishop of Armagh. (2 vols. of the "Red Letter Library." Blackie.) Two interesting additions to this very pleasant series. The "get up" is really admirable.

REJECTED ADDRESSES. By James and Horace Smith, with an introduction and notes by A. D. Godley. ("Little Library." Methuen. Leather 2s. 6d., cloth 1s. 6d.) Few parodies have had such long life as these and their vogue should be increased by this handy little reprint.

ADAM BEDE. By George Eliot. (Collins.) Still another edition of this popular book, tastefully and strongly bound in red cloth, with eight illustrations.

THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES. By Nathaniel Hawthorne. (Lane. Leather 2s., cloth 1s. 6d. net.) Mr. Lane has every reason to be proud of this little volume and yet forbears to put the name of the series anywhere upon it. It is the second of Hawthorne's works issued in this series, the first being "The Scarlet Letter." All lovers of Hawthorne should take note of these reprints.

HANDY ANDY. By Samuel Lover, with twenty-four illustrations by the author. (The "Illustrated Pocket Library of Plain and Coloured Books." Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.) This rollicking tale is still sure of its welcome, even among the many humorous books of to-day. The old saying, "Sure hasn't an Irishman lave to speak twice," or many more times, is here more than justified.

## New Books Received

### THEOLOGICAL AND BIBLICAL

Newland-Smith, M.A. (Rev. J. N.), The Catechist's Handbook. (Richards) net	3/0
Wilberforce, D.D. (Basil), Following on to Know the Lord. (Brown, Langham)	3/6
Curry, Ph.D. (S. S.), Vocal and Literary Interpretation of the Bible. (Macmillan) net	6/6
Rochester, Bishop of, The Church's Failures and the Work of Christ. (Macmillan) net	1/0
Rugg (W. H. J.), An Essay on the Origin, Inspiration, and Aims of the Bible. (Tilley)	0/2
Deane, B.A. (Sidney Norton), St. Anselm, translated from the Latin. (Kegan Paul)	5/0
Anderson (K. C.), The Larger Faith. (Black) net	3/6
Cook, M.A. (Stanley A.), The Laws of Moses and the Code of Hammurabi. (Black) net	6/0
Gillie, M.A. (R. C.), The Kinsfolk and Friends of Jesus. (Black)	

### POETRY, CRITICISM, AND BELLES LETTRES

Raile (Arthur Lyon), Itamos, A Volume of Poems. (Richards) net	5/0
Bright (Charles), The Wingless Psyche. (Elkin Mathews) net	2/6
Egerton (Alix), The Lady of the Scarlet Shoes and other Verses. (Elkin Mathews) net	1/0
Stray Song and Verse, by N. V. (Swan Sonnenschein)	2/0
Townshend (Captain Horace), Last Words, and other Poems. (Lloyd)	

### HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY

Smellie (Alexander), Men of the Covenant. (Melrose)	7/6
Bright (Charles), The Story of the Atlantic Cable. (Newnes)	1/0
Anderson (Robert E.), The Story of Extinct Civilizations of the West. (Unwin)	1/0
Mahaffy (J. P.), An Episode in Irish History. (Unwin)	16/0
Crofton (H. T.), A History of the Ancient Chapel of Stretford. Vol. III. (Cinetham Society)	
Flounden (Alfred Chichele), Grain or Chaff? The Autobiography of a Police Magistrate. (Unwin) net	16/0
Besant (Sir Walter), London in the Time of the Stuarts. (Black) net	30/0
Chesterton (G. K.) and Garnett, C.B. (Dr. Richard), Tennyson. (Hodder and Stoughton)	1/0
Russell (Ernest), Viscount Wolsley. (Drane)	1/0

### SCIENCE

Carillo, M.D. (Carlo), Cancer: An Exhaustive Treatise. (Swan Sonnenschein)	5/0
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### TRAVEL AND TOPOGRAPHY

Horton (George), In Argolis. (Duckworth) net	4/6
Haultain (Arnold), Two Country Walks in Canada. (Morang)	\$1.25
Gay (Susan E.), Old Falmouth. (Headley Bros.) net	7/6
Grant (Arthur), Rambles in Arcadia. (Black) net	3/6
Douglas (Miss M.), With Stanley on the Congo. (Nelson)	2/0
Howe, M.A. (De Wolfe), Boston, The Place and the People. (Macmillan) net	10/6
Coward (T. A.), Picturesque Cheshire. (Sherratt and Hughes) net	5/0

### EDUCATIONAL

Macaulay, M.A. (G. G.), Gower, Selections from the Confessio Amantis (Oxford)	4/6
Gil Blas—Los Ladrones de Asturias, edited by F. A. Kirkpatrick, M.A. (Cambridge Press)	3/0
Finnemore (John), Social Life in England, An Elementary Historical Reader. Vol. II. (Black)	1/6

### MISCELLANEOUS

Anderson-Morhead (A. E. M.), The Building of the "Chauncy Maples" (Universities' Mission to Central Africa) net	1/6
Asquith, K.C., M.P. (H. H.), Trade and the Empire: Speeches. (Methuen) net	0/6
Leverson (Edith W.), The Vegetarian Cookery Book. (Newnes)	0/1
Ralph (Julian), The Making of a Journalist. (Harper)	3/6
Laurence, L.L.D. (Perceval M.), On Circuit in Kafirland. (Macmillan)	7/6
Lodge (Sir Oliver), Macedonia, or The Problem of the Near East. (Cornish)	0/6
Walker (A. Stodart), A Volunteer Havers ck. (Royal Scots Volunteer Brigade)	0/6
Harvey-Brooks (E. C.), Marriage and Marriages. (Longmans)	4/0
Mason (D. M.), Macedonia and Great Britain's Responsibility. (Unwin)	0/3
Guide to the Legal Profession, by A. Lawyer. (Hodder and Stoughton)	3/6
Hodgson (Mrs. Willoughby), How to Identify Old China. (Bell) net	5/0
Whymper (Annette), What Can I Do? or, How to Help Missions. (Religious Tract Society)	1/6
Carus (Dr. Paul), The Canon of Reason and Virtue, Translated from the Chinese. (Kegan Paul)	1/6
Mallock (W. H.), The Fiscal Dispute Made Easy. (Nash)	1/0
Young (Filson), Ireland at the Cross Roads: An Essay in Explanation. (Richards) net	3/6
"Pall Mall Gazette" Picture Post-Cards. (Fiscal Series). (Ibister)	0/6
Good Words, Annual Volume. 1903. (Black)	
The Sunday Magazine, Annual Volume. 1903. (Treherne)	1/0
Dark (Sidney), edited by, London Stage Annual. (Cassell) net	0/7
The British Isles (Part 2). (Hachette)	2 fr.
Almauach Hachette, 1904. (Hachette)	

### FICTION

"Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Gay and Bird)	6/0
"Little Joan," by John Strange Winter (White)	6/0
"Free, Not Bound," by Katrina Trank (Putnam)	6/0
"Paddy-Bisky, Irish Realities of To-Day," by Andrew Merry (Richards)	6/0
"An Unshared Secret and other Stories," by Florence Montgomery (Macmillan)	8/0
"Owd Poskitt," by J. S. Fletcher (Harper)	1/0
"Algernon Casterton," by J. A. C. Sykes (Bickers)	6/0
"Rosemonde," by Beatrice Stott (Unwin)	6/0
"A Goddess of the Sea," by T. H. Willoughby Beddoes (Drane)	6/0
"The Spirit of the Service," by Edith Elmer Wood (Macmillan)	6/0

### JUVENILE

"King Clo," by Harry A. James (Newnes) net	2/6
"Lost on the Saguenay," by Bessie Marchant (Collins)	1/0
"In Days of Danger," by L. L. Weedon (Collins)	1/0
"New Cautionary Rhyme for Children," by Mrs. Coxhead (Richards)	2/6
"The Growth of the British Empire," by M. B. Synges (Blackwood)	2/6
"The Country Boy," by Forrest Crissey (Revell)	2/0
"Fifty-Two Sundays with the Children," by the Rev. James Learmonth (Allenson)	3/6
"A Little Brother to the Bear and other Animal Studies," by William J. Long and Charles Copeland (Ginn)	7/6
"The King of the Cats: A Christmas Story for Old Children," by A. O. Stannus (Drane)	3/6
"Wilhelm's Fortune and Other Fairy Tales," by E. Simonet Thompson (Drane)	3/6
"Tales of St. Austin's," by P. G. Wodehouse (Black)	3/6
"Woe in Warfare," by Charles R. Kenyon (Nelson)	2/6
"Mark's Princess," by Mrs. Edwin Hohler (Nelson)	1/6
"The Other Side," by G. G. Desmond and Percy Billinghurst (Richards)	6/0
"The Black Beauty Painting Book" (Jarrold)	1/0
"Louis Wain's Annual" (Hutchinson)	1/0



## Letters from a Silent Study

[The following series of notes, more or less critical, on life have been given to me. The writer wished to tell the truth—a desire which may be regarded as a legitimate claim to any reader's consideration and indulgence.]

### IV.—The Transposition of Circumstances

**S**INGERS often have songs transposed from one key to another, and the unmusical suppose that this radical change does not concern the composer, or affect—beyond the pitch—a song. But pitch may be called the soul of any work of art—whether designed for the orchestra, the singer, the stage, the library, or the picture gallery. The pitch, in fact, is the first question which has to be decided before an imaginative or rhetorical work can be carried out: it is to the whole what the ground plan is to the architect.

Some time ago I told one of my friends, who is a distinguished foreign playwright, the story of three humble people in an obscure village. The story was dramatic: uncommon: picturesque. My friend repeated it to a well-known London manager. The manager paced the floor: "Give it a society setting," said he; "turn the man into a Prime Minister, the woman into a duchess—or something of the kind—(we haven't had a marchioness lately); turn the other man into the Leader of the Opposition, and we shall have a big money-maker!" My friend tried to explain that if the three people had been respectively a Prime Minister, a duchess, and an ex-Prime Minister, the story could not have happened at all; that it happened because the hero was a shepherd, and the woman was a hand in a corset factory, and the other man was a paperhanger; and also because the place was lonely and the distractions were rare. But the manager saw no reason why the changes which he proposed were out of the question: he saw "situations," and the key of the dialogue or of the deeds seemed to him of no consequence. My friend, happily, had a firm will, and his play, founded on the humble case, will be produced, at its true pitch, by the first company, at the finest theatre, in Germany. Let us reverse the conditions. Let us suppose that the manager was struggling and poor; that he could not afford the costly dresses, fine furniture, and elaborate scenes which are considered indispensable to plays about the rich or the well-to-do. Let us suppose that one had

an excellent story about some temporarily important individuals who lived in a great city and moved in what is known as the highest society. The city, the circle, and the daily education of the individuals are not accidents in the story, but the cause of the story. If, for economical reasons, we turn our duke into a ruined stockbroker, and our ladyship into a clergyman's widow, and our villain into a solicitor's clerk, we are tampering—not with fancies—but the very mainsprings of psychology. No educated writer would listen, for a moment, to such suggestions, and this is why it is sometimes pretended in this country that novelists of the first rank do not produce good "workable" stage plays. They rightly refuse to write against their own knowledge; they rightly refuse to introduce inappropriate old-fashioned rhetoric into modern realistic dialogue; they rightly refuse to give the familiar idioms of melodrama to work dealing with modern society; they rightly refuse to make Cabinet Ministers talk in their houses as they talk on platforms; they rightly refuse to give "titles" to studies of lower middle-class life, and they rightly refuse to make their titled characters prattle as notorious and unpleasant members of the advertised aristocracy are reported to prattle in the published descriptions of legal proceedings.

I do not care what sort of person a player may represent so long as it is a person in tune—that is to say, pitched in the right key, and here, I believe, every theatre-goer is with me. One must have a great deal of experience before one can decide on the fidelity of every creation—a reason why the best work demands the best kind of audience. For instance, the sincerity of Lord Beaconsfield's marvellous studies of English society is just beginning to be understood; his caricatures were always accepted; his portraits—some of them as fine as the portraits of Velasquez and Vandyck in another sphere of art—were understood at first by those only who were in constant touch with the originals. Their pitch is perfect. Any successful English dramatist of his own day would have thought him a trifler, and the critics would have complained that his masterly dialogue did not "carry" over the footlights. It will "carry" through the centuries.

JOHN OLIVER HOBBS.

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## Mind and Muscle

**W**HEN it is put in such a phrase as the title of this article, or in a similar one, such as "brain and brawn," the antithesis between mind- and muscle-culture will be admitted by everyone. Nevertheless certain modern crazes, now at the height of their popularity, fall to be critically examined as presupposing that which is neither proved nor true.

Let us first observe how authoritative writers in the near past have dealt with this question of culture or education. The late Professor Blackie, in his "Self-Culture," devotes fourteen pages out of ninety-one to physical culture, concerning himself in the rest with culture of the intellect and morals. Spencer's little book on "Education" affords a precisely similar illustration of the fact that physical culture is recognised by competent thinkers as important but not all-important. Now let us observe the consequences which follow from a subordination of muscle to mind. Amid the chaos of error and fallacy which embodies the popular conception of insanity—as of all other subjects—we may find a fairly definite impression that mental "overwork" is the cause of much insanity and much premature decay. Now let me assert,

as dogmatically as words will permit, that this is the most arrant nonsense, unsupported by facts or logic. The case is simply not so. Do you beg to differ? Well, look up any text-book on insanity or neurology, or make arrangements for studying the facts of asylums; thereafter you will agree with what is not an individual opinion of mine but a simple statement of scientific truth. Brain-work—as such—never killed or harmed anybody. Brain-work in a stuffy room will kill you of tuberculosis, brain-work plus worry has killed thousands, but if the brain-work had been omitted the impure air or the worry would have had just the same result. If you are prepared to believe a single assertion that you hear or read this year, pray believe me, for this is a matter of personal, national and planetary consequence, as we shall see.

I am not going through the long list of men who have lived to a hoary old age after a life-time of intellectual labour. I simply assert that history and biography abundantly prove my contention. From Plato to Spencer the story goes. Hobbes dying in harness at ninety-two, the sage of Chelsea, with Herbert Spencer, Francis Galton, Lord Lister, and Lord Kelvin all living to-day, and the

youngest of them close upon eighty—these names are surely enough. You may oppose me with the names of Keats, Mozart, Nietzsche and many more, but five minutes analysis will show the argument worthless. The most casual acquaintance with the history of literature—to take that one department alone—suffices to prove beyond question that strenuous intellectual activity has been found, times without number, to be compatible not only with long life but with the retention of intellectual power to a great age.

Now our greatest statistician, Sir Robert Giffen, and many others, have shown that the youth of this country do not devote nearly so much time to mental exercise as do their compeers in Germany and America. This is unquestionably one of the real reasons—as distinct from specious but politically useful explanations—why we are lagging behind in the international race. So let us inquire whether, in the duel, intellectualism *versus* athleticism, victory will ultimately rest with the latter. Is the present British craze for athletics really the wisest after all? Will it be shown in the long run that we have benefited whilst our brain-working neighbours have worn themselves out?

To show that we are right is the interest of all who make their living by promoting a belief in "muscle-culture." When there goes up the cry of physical degeneration, people who know nothing of bodily development, of the laws which govern infant feeding, of the influence of fresh air and sunlight upon nascent and crescent life, are ready to declare that physical culture is the panacea. There never was a more ridiculous assertion. Physical culture has its place. The claims of sunlight—to take but one of its competitors—are infinitely more valid and important in their bearing on the national and individual health; but nevertheless physical culture has its little niche. Mr. Sandow and other professors of muscle-culture are not alone. Some publicists—equally or more ignorant of the things that matter—swear by compulsory military service. Let them rave.

Space fails me, but I may quote the opinion of a great German authority, who declares that there is not in Germany a single professional cyclist who has a sound heart, and I might expatiate at length on the consequences of over-exercise and athleticism run riot.

But let this suffice. The facts of history are in consonance with all the truths of science—whether general biology, physiology, psychology, or psychiatry—in proving that there is nothing more salutary (in the etymological sense) than brain-work pursued under healthy conditions, whilst athleticism, as at present witnessed, sends many of its votaries into a premature grave, and is, in the twentieth century, an absurd anachronism. For the fittest survive, as in the immemorial past, but the race, which was once to the owner of the biggest pair of *gastrocnemius* muscles, is now to the possessor of the finest pair of cerebral hemispheres. Once muscle ruled the world, but now mind: once brawn, but now brain.

C. W. SALEEBY.

## Copyright in the Colonies

THE pregnancy of the rumour which comes from Australia as to the trend of feeling in Australasia on the copyright question need not be laboured. It has long been no secret that the whole incidence of colonial copyright has threatened to become a burning question in many parts of the Empire. The Fisher Act of 1900 promised, at any rate for a time, to shelve the problem so far as Canada was concerned. The Imperial Government, moreover, by passing the Bill which has been repeatedly brought in—a Bill which has already

received the all but unanimous approbation of the interests concerned—could have undoubtedly postponed the difficulty in other Possessions. The useful and harmless concession of protection to licensees would have adequately satisfied the Colonial Governments, especially if the old difficulty of their obtaining suitable editions of British works, where reprinting in the colony was out of the question, had been met as also proposed by an amendment of the provisions of the Foreign Reprints Act, now a dead letter. But, owing to the fatal policy of procrastination, which appears to be inevitable in copyright legislation, the opportunity has been allowed to pass by and there is every reason to fear that we shall soon have to face the question in its largest and most acute form.

No useful purpose can be served by ignoring the far-reaching consequences of any legislation which affects the integrity of Imperial copyright, and, be it remembered, of the reciprocal relations arising out of it. If, as may reasonably be expected, other colonies follow the lead thus threatened we shall have in prospect, in place of a copyright which is as wide as the Empire, a disjointed collection of local laws involving cumbersome and costly if not practically prohibitive conditions. The bare idea of manufacturing books in any large proportion of the British possessions simultaneously or often at all, in order to secure copyright therein, seems to be the crowning effort of the malign influence which has already made our copyright laws, both Imperial and colonial, a blot upon the Statute book. Nor will the evil end here. Our arrangement with the United States, if far from idyllic, has placed a good many dollars in the pockets of the "widely popular," and its basis is reciprocity, and reciprocity under the conditions prevailing at the time of the Presidential proclamation, that is, an Imperial given in exchange for an American copyright. It is within the power of the President of the United States to rescind that proclamation at any moment, for the American Act expressly provides that the existence of the necessary conditions shall be determined by proclamation made from time to time. American publishers, who can through British copyright obtain protection for American works in Canada and Australia, are much more concerned in those markets, which they have been industriously exploiting, than with the English market itself or even with the profits on British books. If those markets are jeopardised, by local legislation, we may look out for reprisals. There are, indeed, many who maintain that the importation of any fresh conditions as regards British Possessions will absolutely abolish the reciprocity at present held to exist and endanger the existence of any copyright whatever for British books in the United States.

It is impossible to argue here the constitutional question as to the competence of any Colonial Legislature to override an Imperial enactment and legislate for other than native books which are, as everybody knows, within its own absolute control. But since 1886, at any rate, Imperial copyright has applied to all books published in any part of the British Possessions, although the right of giving notice of the denunciation of the Berne Convention has been claimed by and is partially reserved to all British Colonies. An Imperial copyright is, however, the basis of our international bargains, and its diminution would provide a pretty kettle of fish. Without any boggling about it, this is the problem we shall sooner or later have to face, and not merely the effect of any Colonial Acts upon our own export trade. The retrospect is not reassuring. The old cry from our colonies for cheap books; the grievances of colonial authors down to 1886; the fiasco of the Foreign Reprints Act; the Canadian imbroglio; the muddle of colonial registration, and customs regulations—are all bad enough in themselves and demonstrate sufficiently the fatuity of our copyright legislation and the failure of Parliament to discharge its Imperial functions. Is it to be wondered at if the colonies in despair of any comprehensive Imperial code take the law into their own hands?



From all this it will be seen that there is no use shuffling with these questions any longer. Copyright may not be exactly an engrossing subject. For some reason or other, it has always succeeded in making men's "angry passions rise," from the Lord Chancellor downwards. But it is a big matter, affecting an interest of which the proportions are scarcely even suspected, and it is time that it should be made plain by those concerned that it can no longer be put off to the *paullo post futurum*.

W. MORRIS COLLES.

## Egomet

**I**T is pitiable to realise that I devote about one-third of my life to sleep, bearing in mind that there are hundreds, thousands, hundreds of thousands of books that I would read and I could find the time. Though the Doctor bids me not do so, I always read at meal-times and prefer a book to any other table comrade. At breakfast I prop my volume up against the coffee-pot; at lunch and at dinner I defy the club rule that no book shall on any account be taken from the library, always having an open volume beside me. Until quite recent days I adhered to my rule that no unread volume should find a place upon my bookshelves. In one corner of my study there always stood a pile, sometimes small, sometimes large, of books awaiting qualification for place upon a shelf. But a recent small access of means has enabled me to purchase if not all, at any rate most of the books I desire; my spirit is weak and now my rule is honoured in the breach. Alas, as I look along my shelves, many volumes stare out, crying "Come, read me," and so will I, if time permit. Time is a tyrant.

Room for my books, room! Space is a tyrant also, which you can no more expand than you can time. I do not like those new fangled bookshelves, which you buy in bits and pile up. They are not real, somehow; they are too official; I could never grow fond of them as I do of my old shelves, old-fashioned shelves, which are difficult to adjust. Nor could I ever come to like shelves with glass fronts to keep my books clean. I'm a dirty old man, I confess, as regards my books, and have no housekeeperly hatred of dust. My gilt-edged volumes, which fear no dust, are not nearly so dear to my heart as those whose giltless pages slowly grow grey as time advances; I love to see my old friends growing grey together with myself, the white hairs on my head and the dust upon my books increasing in company.

Does not every lover of books suffer pangs from this limited space of time allotted us for our earthly reading, hoping that elsewhere there may be granted us leisure and libraries unlimited? Is that a profane thought? I trust not, for it is one in which I daily indulge. I have tried over and over again to set down some course of reading which I may hope to complete if only a few more years be granted me, but always to no purpose. A reference in one book to the pages of another is a temptation to stray from the straight path, which I never can resist. A book-shop window, still more a book-shop shelf, disturbs alike my conscience and my purse. Desultory reading! Indeed I have been a desultory reader ever since the days when at school I appeared in the dim old class-room with my task unperformed. Nor do I repent of my habit, nor would I amend my way even if I could. A desultory reader have I been and such will I remain.

E. G. O.

## Dramatic Notes

**S**HAKESPEARE'S LONDON, much of which survives to this day, as our illustrations are showing, must have borne as large a share in the forming of the playwright's genius as did Stratford-on-Avon and the country round about. The London to which Shakespeare came in or about 1585 was but a country town to modern eyes; a short walk from any point within the City bounds brought the wayfarer to the green fields, the green hedges, and the green shade of trees. The poet who leaves the country now-a-days for London exchanges all the beauty of rural life for all the beauty—and there is much—of bricks and mortar; he entirely changes his environment. Not so with Shakespeare—the streets of London were shadowed then by houses such as we still can see in Stratford, Warwick, Oxford, Chester, and many another country town, and the palaces of nobles and bishops were very like the splendid Elizabethan country houses of which so many remain to us.

OUR London streets have changed, so too has the City's finest highway, the Thames; then it was the principal thoroughfare for business and pleasure, now —. The gardens, also, how few and small and dreary now compared with those of Shakespeare's day. But take it for all in all, Shakespeare could draw his wood notes wild from nearer scenes than the meadows and woods of Warwickshire, and it would be an interesting study to trace out, if possible, the influence upon his genius of life in and near London. And for our duty to-day, surely the relics of Shakespeare's London should be as carefully preserved from demolition and from the destructive hands of Time and the Restorer as the old-time buildings in Stratford? Londoners are not as proud of their historic city as they should be; were they so, its appearance to-day would not be so much of a disgrace to its citizens.

"THE dramatists of to-day," writes a correspondent, "apparently set out with one hidebound idea, that every play must be written around a motive of love or passion." Quite so; there's the rub. Until this idea has been killed there can be little advance made by the drama. Life is not all love and passion, or rather there are other passions in life besides love; the passions of hate, envy, and greed; the love of parent for child and of brother for brother; all of which, as previously pointed out in these columns, afford ample and stimulating material for the writer of plays. Conventionalism is the bane of all art, from which only great artists can shake themselves free; but more rampant than anywhere else does it reign in the theatre. It is a blight which kills all artistic progress, stultifying the best efforts of authors and actors who do not dare to shake themselves free from it. Few dare do so.

It is surely the very irony of fate, that almost the same issue of the journals containing the obituary notices of Mr. "Henry Seton Merriman" should announce the approaching production of the play founded on his novel "The Sowers." For several years now Mr. George Alexander has held the rights of this play, and one can imagine the author looking forward to the presentation of his work in dramatic form—to the "first night" he was never to see. "The Sowers" is a novel which one might easily suppose to have been first conceived by its author as a play—it works up to "curtains," and good curtains, too. One wonders whom Mr. George Alexander will secure to play the part of Doctor Paul's German friend and adviser—a kind of benevolent "Count Fosco." It is to be presumed Mr. Alexander will himself play the "Moscow Doctor," unless, with his recently avowed predilection for "character" parts, he should startle his admirers by himself playing the German steward. He certainly has

shown a marked affection for German characters lately. His delightful performance of "Karl Heinrich" in "Alt Heidelberg" has been closely followed by the production of "Love's Carnival" in the Provinces. This new addition to his repertoire is an adaptation, by Rudolf Bleichmann, of "Rosenmontag," by Otto Erich Hartleben. In the part of the hero, Lieutenant Hans Rudorff, Mr. Alexander looks a typical German officer. His fair wig, brushed straight up from the face, and his moustache, are absolutely Teutonic, and he looks a mere boy, as young as he did in "Faust," long before the joys and sorrows of management had powdered his hair with grey. The plot of "Love's Carnival" sounds better when acted than when told. In the telling it appears somewhat morbid and strained. It is the story of a young and gallant soldier who, loving a girl beneath him in rank, is deluded into believing his sweetheart unworthy. Under this impression he engages himself to another woman, only to discover that his real love has been compromised by the deceit of some brother officers, who have decoyed her into a false position merely for the sake of preventing him from making, what they consider, a *mésalliance*. An explanation and reconciliation, which takes place in the hero's rooms, contrary to his Colonel's express orders, is interrupted by that autocratic officer himself. The girl, Else, hidden in Rudorff's bedroom, betrays herself by an exclamation, and the young officer's breach of discipline becomes known. He recognises that for him a military career is closed, and in despair resolves on suicide, first carrying his sweetheart off to the Carnival. With the dawn, he returns to his rooms determined to destroy himself. Else suspects his purpose, and begs to die with him. He finally consents, and they pass together into his bedroom. The play ends with the discovery of their dead bodies by Rudorff's soldier servant, who rushes to the window calling for help, just as the "Reveille" rouses the Barracks to a new day. The character drawing is good, especially in the development of Hans Rudorff's personality. Mr. Alexander made a great success in the part, especially in the outburst, verging on hysteria, with which Rudorff, already resolved to die, carries Else off to the Carnival. "Love's Carnival" will be seen at the St. James's, but not at once. Between the German "Alt Heidelberg" and the German "Rosenmontag," Mr. Alexander proposes to give us two English plays—one a modern comedy, the other "The Sowers." I say "proposes," because nothing on earth is more mutable than the plans of the actor-manager.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME will "lecture" the members of the O.P. Club to-morrow (Sunday) at the Criterion on "Is the British Drama worth Keeping Alive?" Is it? Well, that depends upon the point of view taken; actors, managers, and dramatists will all say "yes"; and has not Mr. Jerome written plays?

IN "Rose Bernd" (Berlin: Fischer), a drama in five acts, just produced at the Deutsche Theater, Berlin, Gerhart Hauptmann has written another Silesian village tragedy, a companion piece to his "Fuhrmann Henschel" of 1898. There is the same dialect, difficult of comprehension for those who are not natives of Silesia; the same low key prevails in the tone; the same actuality resides in the deeds and words of the persons taking part in the play; we have the same sensation that we are witnessing a piece of life. Yet, with the new play, we do not receive, either after reading the book or assisting at the stage performance, the impression of pity and terror engendered by a tragedy that is a great work of art. Whether the dialect, the treatment, or the subject is responsible, we cannot undertake to say. As with "Fuhrmann Henschel," Rose Bernd's sins find her out, and avenging furies drive her swiftly to her doom. A village girl, she has a *liaison*

with Christoph Flamm, a man her superior in position and married to a wife who is a confirmed invalid. She hides from him that she expects to become a mother, and consents to an engagement with a pious bookbinder whom her father has chosen to be her husband. The secret is, however, discovered by Streckmann, the village Don Juan, and he promises to keep it if she will yield to him. She refuses, but he overcomes her by force, and then reveals her relations with Flamm to her father and her future husband. Driven to desperation, Rose murders the child when it comes, and we leave her, apparently, on the verge of insanity, not knowing if her fate will be a prison or a madhouse. The play ends with the words "What the girl must have suffered!" spoken by the man who was to have been her husband. The most sympathetic character in the play is Flamm's wife; she tries to save Rose and to help her even when she learns the part her husband has played in the business, and only withdraws her sympathy, not even then her practical assistance, when she hears of the Streckmann episode. Since the death of her little boy Frau Flamm had led a self-less existence, looking on at the life around her with a warm heart and with a sense of humour that enabled her to stand far above the written and even above some of the unwritten laws regarding what is vital in the world and what is of scant importance. Elsa Lehmann's creation of the part of Rose was a masterly piece of acting, but the drama, powerful as it is in parts, belongs certainly to the category of unpleasant plays. Whereas Gretchen and Hetty Sorrel command our sympathy, we hesitate somewhat in according it to Rose Bernd.

"THE LYCEUM AND HENRY IRVING," by Mr. Austin Brereton, is a pleasant, gossip record, concerned as much with other times and other players as with recent years and Sir Henry Irving. From 1772 to the present day would have been a more appropriate title for this handsome book, which narrates the history of what has been in many ways one of the most interesting theatres in London, a house that has echoed the voices of Kean, Phelps, Fechter, Bernhardt, Toole, Ellen Terry, Irving, and many another giant of the past and present. Mr. Brereton tells his story well, though I wish he had not surrendered to that bad habit so prevalent with dramatic historians—the quoting of dead-and-gone play-noticees. The illustrations, including the very well-reproduced coloured plates, are as interesting as the letterpress, the whole forming a fine memorial of a fallen house.

"THE LONDON STAGE ANNUAL, 1904," edited by Mr. Sidney Dark (Treherne. 1s.) is a welcome addition to dramatic annuals. "Drama and Crime," by Mr. H. B. Irving, is a scholarly and interesting paper; "An End—And A Beginning," by Mr. Cosmo Hamilton, is smartly written; altogether a bright and cheery companion for dull winter days.

### In the Magazines

THE LONDON MAGAZINE (*Christmas Number*): "The Art of Ernest Meissonier," by Alder Anderson; THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW: "A Postscript on Ruskin," by Vernon Lee, "Augustus St. Gaudens, Sculptor," by Royal Cortissoz; THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY, "Journalism III," by Sir Leslie Stephen, "Walt Whitman as Editor," by Charles M. Skinner, "Bryce's Biographical Studies," by Harriet Waters Preston; CASSELL'S MAGAZINE (*Christmas Number*): "Carlton House Terrace," by A. Wallis Myers, "The Modern Schubert, F. Paolo Tosti," by Percy Cross Standing, "Famous Firesides," by Valentine Wallis; THE LEISURE HOUR: "Morley's Life of Gladstone," by Principal Rainy, "A Few Memories of Johannes Brahms" by Sir C. Villiers Stanford.



## Otto Julius Bierbaum

**A** GERMAN poet has sold forty-five thousand copies of his collected works, at one shilling a copy, within the space of three years.

This alone is rather a remarkable feat, but it is more curious—and moreover a notable proof of the non-cosmopolitanism of literature—that the man should be so little known outside Germany.

The book is called "Irrgarten der Liebe," and is a plump little volume of 450 pages, simply bound in a decorated yellow cover with charming head and tail pieces by Heinrich Vogler.

The title page qualifies the Labyrinth as a collection of Love Poems, Poems of Temperament, Songs of Morality, and Sayings, written between 1885 and 1900.

Two portraits preface the book, one of Bierbaum as a cheery, bright-eyed boy of seventeen maybe; the other of him as a spectacled, high-browed thirty-year-old student.

The Labyrinth merits something more than very careful reading. It is by way of being a very important, typical, and noteworthy book. It is all Young Germany, with its music, pedantry, and sentimentality—with something else which is part Hedonism, part pessimism, and a deal of striking individuality. There are echoes of Shelley, Byron, Browning perhaps; there is much Heine, for Bierbaum is as witty as he is wise: Lessing, and the classic cult, peeps out here and there, and Baudelaire and Mallarmé seem to have got themselves assimilated.

But above all and beyond all there is music, and rhythm, and lilt in every line of every verse. Now it is Schubert singing, and again Chopin in a minor key, or Rubenstein with a burst of great chords; even the simple tunefulness of Mozart is not wanting, and the matter somehow always chimes with the character of the composer.

It is impossible to translate Heine. It would be ten thousand times more impossible to translate Bierbaum. His verse is delicate, elusive, technical. He invents new words, uses the quaintest of similes, and has little convincing tricks which are personal and inimitable. In the manner of Wagner, his refrains mean nothing—or everything—they are right, and appropriate, and somehow, inevitable.

Then his sense of fun is childlike and delightful. Here is what he calls "A Counting-Out verse for Lovers":—

Rumpeldipum,  
Prinz Amor geht um,  
Vorm Aug eine Binden,  
Kann doch Jede finden.  
Hat die Rosenhecken  
Geplündert und Stecken  
Aus Rosenzweigen gemacht mit Spitzen,  
Die nun in den Herzen der Mädchen sitzen.  
Rum . . . pum . . . pum.

There is a more serious side to his work, and much colour in his passionate poetry. The paintings of Hans Thoma and Gabriel Max have much in common with his more earnest moments. He dedicates poems to both, and his sentiment towards religion is full and frank. In "Ein Traum," "Reliquien," and "Aus der Herrgottsperspective" he strikes a very high note.

The "Labyrinth of Love" is dedicated to the poet's publisher, Alfred Walter Heymel. In a short preface Bierbaum says: "These poems will not suit everybody, but I wish nothing better than that they should affect as large a circle as possible. You know what I think about it. I only hold that poetry to be really alive which is derived from our common life. That which is grown in a conservatory may sometimes be more beautiful, and I do not deny the charm of such artificially-grown plants, but the strenuous, life-giving stimulus is not in it."

## Musical Notes

**I**N consequence of the indisposition of Mr. Willy Hess Brahms's first pianoforte concerto in place of that for violin and orchestra had to be given at the second Richter concert, but seeing that the soloist was Signor Busoni, those present had little occasion to complain. From the virtuoso point of view, Busoni was in quite magnificent form, so that the solo music of the work was given with almost unsurpassable brilliance, if now and again the performer permitted himself certain liberties not indicated by the text. His playing of the finale in particular was a marvel of fire and freedom, and generally the enthusiasm which his performance excited was in no way surprising. The band, on the other hand, seemed perhaps a little below its customary form. In the slow movement of the symphony (No. 1) for instance, the quality of the wood and brass was quite noticeably poor, and elsewhere one could not but contrast their tone unfavourably with that of the band to whose strains Queen's Hall more frequently resounds. But Richter's Brahms playing is always a joy to the Brahms lover, and considered interpretatively the performances which he obtained on this occasion were fine as ever.

Mr. ERNEST NEWMAN has been criticising "The Apostles" in the New York "Musical Courier," and the conclusion expressed, in the course of a six-column article, is that the work is altogether inferior to "The Dream of Gerontius." Others have thought the same, but Mr. Newman has reasons all his own in explanation of the fact. Dr. Elgar's undoing in his judgment has been the strength of his religious sentiments and prepossessions. He has regarded his work so exclusively from the didactic and theological standpoint, and has been so carried away by the religious associations of his libretto, that his critical faculty has forsaken him and he has mistaken dull music for fine.—

For him a mere sentence or scene from the Bible is something so overwhelming that it paralyzes his musical faculties instead of stimulating them. He has not been objective enough. He has been unable to see that a great deal of the music in "The Apostles" is not sufficiently inspired to satisfy the musical mind, and it is only impressive to minds that are already predisposed to consider anything beautiful that is associated with a sacred text.

Mr. Newman's theory is ingenious. But I think it will hardly hold water. The depth of Dr. Elgar's religious sentiments, I take it, has had nothing to do with the matter. Bach and Handel cherished convictions equally devout, and entertained no less reverence for the words of the Scriptures when they used these for their purpose. Yet this did not prevent the one from writing a "Matthew" Passion and the other a "Messiah." The truth of the matter is, I suspect, that the music of "The Apostles" is less fine than it might be because it was not in the power of Dr. Elgar to write better.

Mr. MARK HAMBOURG has appeared again after his big tour—or *tournee*, as your virtuoso loves to designate his journeys—and though his popularity has seemingly in nowise abated in the interim I scarcely think that his playing has improved. It has often been observed when actors and actresses play for any length of time before provincial or colonial audiences that their art is apt to suffer—to deteriorate in subtlety and refinement and to come by qualities of the *ad captandum* order. Something of the same kind would seem to hold good too often in the case of musicians. The thing is not the least difficult to understand. Your pianistic athlete making an appearance

"for one night only" in Minneapolis or Arizona or San Francisco, as the case may be, is naturally tempted under such conditions to try rather to astonish than to allure—to take the position by assault and battery rather than by gentler methods. And this I fancy from the signs of it is what Mr. Mark Hambourg has been doing. The thing is the more regrettable in his case since his playing was quite sufficiently "robustious" before.

CONCERTS come and concerts go, but one may praise unreservedly the delightful evenings of chamber music provided by Messrs. Broadwood, whose concerts have won popularity with quite unusual rapidity by reason of the attractiveness of their programmes, the general excellence of the performances and, let it be added, the moderation of their charges. Time was when a single "novelty" in a programme was accounted something of a wonder. At the Broadwood concerts they think they have done ill if they introduce less than half a dozen. Yet, wonderful to relate, they have contrived at the same time to achieve popularity. Perhaps the grateful brevity of the individual items of their programmes has had something to do with this. Many short pieces rather than a few long ones has been their rule, and it is a very sound one. From the standpoint of the average hearer, most musical works are far too long. Beethoven set a bad precedent in this respect, and later composers have followed his example without possessing, as a rule, his justification. Comparing ancient music with modern, nothing is more striking than the change which has taken place in this matter. Somewhat after the fashion of the man who made up for coming late by going early, your latter-day composer tries to justify having nothing to say by saying it at intolerable length. The evil is great, is growing, and ought to be abated. Wherefore congratulations to Messrs. Broadwood in respect of their exertions to this end.

TALKING of Messrs. Broadwood there will be general regret among musicians at the removal of the famous old firm's premises from their historic quarters in Great Pulteney Street—as no doubt there will be kindred regrets aroused by the change among the old habitués of Limmer's, the equally renowned establishment to whose premises Messrs. Broadwood are removing. The diverse comments elicited in one quarter and another have indeed been rather amusing. Thus, while your *bon vivant* on the one hand has held up hands of horror with the exclamation "Limmer's, of all places, turned over to a vulgar piano business!" the notion of Messrs. Broadwood shifting their quarters to the premises of a mere West-End hotel has seemed hardly less shocking to the feelings of the average musician. There are, of course, historical associations of no light moment in both instances. But even Limmer's can claim no prouder incidents in its past than attach to those modest premises in Great Pulteney Street where Handel talked, Mozart played, and Haydn composed.

MR. WILLIAM SAUNDERS, who has severed a connection of many years standing with Messrs. Chappell and Co. to undertake the management of the new musical agency business which Messrs. Metzler and Co. are starting, is a well-known figure in the musical world. For years and years one used to see him at the "Pops," where his "appearances" indeed must have run into thousands—and these, too, in conjunction with some of the most famous artists of recent times. Nor was he unworthy of his associates. Although he contributed nothing to the music of the evening but played emphatically the part of one who was "seen and not heard," yet the functions

which he discharged had an importance all their own. And they were irreproachably performed. Was there ever anyone indeed who turned the pages quite so deftly as Mr. Saunders? And who that has ever practised it will venture to say that the art is an easy one? I can imagine indeed few tasks demanding stouter nerves or surer self-possession than that of "turning over" for a Rubinstein, a Piatti or a Joachim. For that was one of the minor wonders of Mr. Saunders' incomparable art—he ministered to the needs not of one performer only but of two or three at once. Some day the Royal College of Music will realise the importance of the subject and found a Professorship of Turning-Over—in which event Mr. Saunders will assuredly be called upon to fill the post. Till then I wish him every success in the humbler field to which he now proposes to devote his energies.

UNPUNCTUALITY at concerts will become more common than ever if all artists adopt Mr. Busoni's recent practice and play the first parts of the piece in the programme twice over for the benefit of the late arrivals, and a new terror will at the same time be added to concert-going so far as those who are punctual are concerned. People have been known to be late for the express purpose of missing the first piece—which in the case of a piano recital is usually a Liszt travesty of a Bach organ fugue; and such would certainly feel hardly grateful if this were done all over again for their benefit. But in the case referred to it was a Chopin sonata whose first two movements Signor Busoni felt moved to play again, and on this particular occasion there was certainly small disposition on the part of any section of his hearers to complain. Still, all pianists are not Busonis, and in a general way retrogressions of this sort were better avoided. The number of players from whom one wishes to hear the same work twice running is not very great. But of course the real mistake consisted in putting a work of four movements first on the programme. Signor Busoni, whose performances aroused the unlimited enthusiasm of an audience all too large for the Bechstein Hall, will be wiser, I suspect, another time.

BEETHOVEN'S "posthumous" quartets are works to which the musician always gives a willing ear, even if he approaches them only as problems to be solved or conundrums to be cracked. But it can hardly be said that their better understanding is likely to be much advanced by performances such as that of the work in C sharp minor provided at the "Pop" last Saturday by Mr. Kruse and his companions. Not that the quartet was by any means ill played in the ordinary sense of the term; but there lacked just that indefinable note of insight and authority, which in works of this order counts with the hearer for so much. The music was played, but it was not interpreted; and a work such as the C sharp minor quartet cries aloud for interpretation. The pianist at this concert was Miss Fanny Davies, who brought forward a set of charming little pieces by Sgambati which, though slight in point of bulk, possessed an amount of musical value by no means proportionate to their size. After the manner of Schumann, Sgambati has given to each piece a name indicative of its character, although to speak truth the connection between the music and its title is not invariably too clear. But this after all is a matter of detail. On their own account the pieces are attractive music, and as such might well win general favour.

A Full Sheet Almanac, illustrated, will be issued with the next number of THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE.



## Art Notes

THE exhibition of paintings of Jamaica, held last week at the West India Committee Rooms, Seething Lane, under the auspices of Sir Alfred Jones, K.C.M.G., reminds me that what is probably the best collection of West Indian paintings and sketches in existence is now at Myrtle Grove, County Cork, the property of Sir Henry and Lady Blake. Lady Blake herself made a special study of the botanical features of Jamaica, from which she drew the interesting collection of water colours now lining the walls of the main stairway. This representation of new world beauty seems especially appropriate in view of Sir Walter Raleigh's ownership of the place during his period of high favour with Elizabeth, from whom he received the estate as a gift, while the other treasures of art which Sir Henry and Lady Blake have gathered here from the four corners of the earth still further maintain the air of much travel which must have marked Myrtle Grove in Raleigh's day.

Not long since, some disgruntled antiquaries raised a doubt as to Raleigh having ever really possessed this property, but all controversy on that score should be set at rest by the fact that the original deed has within the past three months come into the possession of the present owner. Believed by some very good authorities to be the oldest unfortified residence in Ireland, the building has passed through many and sad vicissitudes, but through them all has been most remarkably preserved in some of its best details. The oak paneling of the upper hallway, the drawing-room, and the state bedroom, known as Raleigh's room, is practically complete and perfect in its original condition, fine and dignified and beautifully toned by time, in spite of the fact that one owner had it *grained* to look like artificial oak, but light and cheerful in colour. The drawing-room mantel, one of the most perfect of Irish relics, is a rare work of art, probably the production of some of the Italian craftsmen who at one period had a considerable vogue in Ireland, and who left many traces of their skill.

THE inside walls are in some places as heavy as the outside walls, while that between the dining-room and the kitchen is fully 15 feet thick, giving opportunity for all manner of romantic surmise as to secret passages, priest holes, and so forth. Amid such surroundings, and seeming not at all out of place there, have been placed treasures from the wilds of frozen Canada, the jungles of tropic Jamaica, and the best workshops of China and Japan, not the least of the Oriental store being the great iron gates fitted into the wall which, formerly a portion of the town fortifications, formed, at the same time, one of the boundaries of Myrtle Grove.

SIR ALFRED JONES' mission, like Raleigh's of old, is to create an interest in British Colonies in the new world, and where he can offer none of the strange charms of a Pocahontis, he has fallen back upon the artistic attractions of the West Indian group, though like Raleigh he also talks tobacco.

At the American Art Galleries, in New York City, was opened last week one of the most notable exhibitions ever held in America, containing the cream of all the collections made in Europe during the recent period of financial boom in the United States, and also some masterpieces borrowed from France. Organised as a charity, for the benefit of a New York hospital, the value of the exhibits swelled to such an extent as to make the event of national importance,

with the result that so great was the demand for opening day admissions that hundreds of tickets were sold at one guinea each, and the inauguration of the exhibition outshone the horse show as an attraction and became the great social feature of the autumn season.

I DOUBT if any one room in London, outside the National Gallery, contains to-day such value, artistic and intrinsic, as does the one small apartment set aside at Messrs. Agnew's in Bond Street for the ninth exhibition of the Artists' General Benevolent Institution.

DOUBTLESS the most interesting in many respects are the two large Turners, "The Harbour at Dieppe," exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1825, and the "Dutch Fishing Boats," which is said never before to have been taken from the house of its owners since it passed to it in 1828, direct from the artist's studio. Both are in Turner's earlier manner, when he was at his best in drawing; both are marvellous in perspective, and both have the big, broad Turner effect, which must have inspired Ruskin when he wrote: "Where the old masters expressed one distance, he expresses a hundred, and where they said furlongs, he says leagues. . . . The very means by which the old masters attained the apparent accuracy of tone which is so satisfying to the eye, compelled them to give up all idea of real relations of retirement, and to represent a few successive and marked stages of distance, like the scenes of a theatre, instead of the imperceptible, multitudinous, symmetrical retirement of Nature, who is not more careful to separate the nearest bush from her farthest one, than to separate the nearest bough of that bush from the one next to it," and one is almost tempted to accept Ruskin's word, in "Turnerian Light," that Turner, "and he alone, of all men, ever painted Nature in her own colours."

THESE two great pictures, quite unknown to the general public, are brought from their long retirement in a state of most wonderful preservation, having entirely escaped from cracking or apparent decay of the pigments, and seeming, indeed, like new work.

ON the same wall is the portrait of an aunt of Mary, Marchioness of Northampton, attributed to Romney. Now, this painting is reputed to have remained in possession of the Northamptons ever since it came into existence, and a long and seemingly indisputable chain of evidence places it to Romney's credit, yet the evidence of the picture itself all, or nearly all, points to Sir Joshua Reynolds. Romney, for instance, nearly always gave his sitters a position of the head, slightly turned to one side, which was individual with him. This is almost full front face. This, also, is not of a size adopted by Romney for this sort of work, and while Romney painted with full paint, which almost never cracked, we have here a lady in three-quarter length, with landscape and blue sky for background, bearing in every detail indications of Reynolds, and faded and cracked very much after the manner of the latter's pictures.

ROMNEY was simpler and more direct than Reynolds. He did not experiment, and, as in the case of the girl in the blue hat, hanging almost opposite the one in question, his colours remain fresh and strong. Indeed, I do not remember ever to have seen a faded Romney. Reynolds, on the other hand, was excessively fond of experimenting with his medium, and would draw in delicate monochrome, which he would glaze over in brilliant colours. These, in many cases, have faded. Certainly the other Romneys in

the room offer, by comparison, strong evidence to arouse doubt as to the genuineness of this particular one, while on the other side of the question there is tradition, and, I believe, an entry in Romney's diary to bear out the contention that on this occasion Romney adopted, in the most complete form, the Reynolds manner. There are discussions in front of the picture almost daily, which are said to be in no way annoying to the owner, since to prove the portrait a false Romney is to prove it a Reynolds—an exchange not injuring its value, to say the least.

ODDLY enough, there hangs, very near this painting, a portrait of Lady Hamilton, by Madame Le Brun, who claimed to have been the first since Rembrandt to adopt the big hat with broad lace hanging from the brim to give a fine effect of light and shade. This being the case, whoever painted the disputed picture, Reynolds or Romney, must have copied Madame Le Brun in this respect. After so many Romney Lady Hamiltons, it is interesting to turn to the Le Brun, which, though a little hard in execution, and having much more detail than the Romneys, is a conscientious portrait, whereas Romney used Lady Hamilton more as a model, drawing from her, but always idealising both face and figure. In this, if we are to believe Madame Le Brun, he may have been wise, since in her memoirs the former says, speaking of Lady Hamilton: "She had no style, and dressed badly as a rule. I remember the first time I took her portrait, at my third sitting at her house at Caserta, the Duchesse de Flurey and Princess Joseph de Monaco were present. I had arranged a shawl round her head in the form of a turban, one end of which fell in graceful drapery. This head-dress suited her so well that the ladies thought her exquisitely beautiful. Sir W. Hamilton having invited us all to stay to dinner, Mrs. Hart (for she was not then married) left us for a short time in order to change her dress, and when she again entered the salon her dress, which was of the most vulgar description, had so entirely changed her appearance to her disadvantage, that the two ladies could scarcely recognise her." This same writer tells how wonderfully Lady Hamilton passed, in her posing, from sorrow to joy and from joy to terror, and it may be said that she was one of the earliest, if not the very earliest, to introduce what we now know as "living pictures."

ANOTHER interesting portrait at Messrs. Agnew's is a Gainsborough, half-length, of a young lady. Why the artist selected this particular subject to send down to an admiring posterity would be impossible to say, since England has never fallen short of lovely women to immortalise on canvas, but the portrait looks true, and is a fine piece of work, so, as it is going to America as the property of Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan, we need have no worry over his purchase of a bad picture, nor sorrow at Britain's loss of a good one.

Nor the least striking thing in the room is Romney's splendid full length portrait of Lady Isabella Hamilton, daughter of the fifth Earl of Buchan. It is understood that this portrait may come into the market. The engraving, by J. Walker, is well known.

RAEBURN'S "Captain David Burrell," a large canvas, is not pleasant, and looks almost out of its class amongst the masterpieces surrounding it, while, on the contrary, there is a moderate sized landscape by J. Starke which is strongly reminiscent of Hobbema, and which does not seem at all out of its "element, even in such grand company. Altogether, the exhibition is one not to be missed.

## Correspondence

### "Poetry of Greater Britain"

SIR,—Kindly permit me to say a word with reference to the review of my "Poetical Works" which appeared in your issue of Saturday last—for which I thank you.

My preface, I fear, did not convey to the mind of the reviewer exactly what I intended. When writing it, I was fully alive to the fact that Mr. Kipling had written largely on things colonial. I do not see, however, that reference to Greater Britain makes Mr. Kipling a poet of Greater Britain, any more than reference to Irish things would make him a poet of Ireland. Perhaps I am wrong, but I use the expression "Poetry of Greater Britain" to define that which is written by those whose birthplace, training, and sentiments are colonial, as, let me say, mine are. Hence, I reminded the "Home" reader that an apple of Ontario is never quite like an apple of Devonshire, and ventured to add, "The thoughtful consumer allows for the influence of soil and climate and expects a difference in flavour."—Yours, &c.,

FRED. J. JOHNSTON-SMITH.

### Medicine Men and Letters

SIR,—Your note in regard to Mr. Stodart Walker suggests the idea of how many graduates in medicine are at present prominently concerned in literary life. Few people know that Mr. Robert Bridges once practised medicine. Other names that occur to one are Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. Andrew Balfour, and Mr. Riccardo Stephens—all writers of fiction. Dr. Weir Michell is also recalled.—Yours, &c.,

J. R. W.

### Girls' Books or Novels

SIR,—Is the distinction between Girls' Books and Novels one worth drawing, with reference to the remarks of your correspondent Isidore S. Ascher?

The readers of the Girls' Books with naughty heroines are separated by but very few years from the readers of novels, and it is natural to suppose that the taste acquired in the one period will demand gratification in the next. Without analysing too particularly the kind of naughtiness that is supposed to be a grace in the heroine, an investigation of a large number of Girls' Books by prolific writers compels the conclusion that the type of girl easiest to write about and—judging from the editions advertised—pleasantest to read about, is not one who can be expected to develop into the kind of woman we wish our girls to become.

The absence of taste in reading is an unfortunate accompaniment—though possibly a temporary one—of the general ability to read and familiarity with books. The literary training of the average boy or girl is apt to be along philological rather than literary lines, and sufficient mental fatigue has been experienced, without the compensating mental refreshment, to account for the fact that books for private reading are apt to be selected from those written in the casual diction and with the flippant estimates of the more voluble girl and boy companions of their own age.

The general indifference shown by mothers towards the reading selected and enjoyed by their girls is one of the most unaccountable things in life. Yet nothing sooner tinges the mind and stamps the thought than the ideals, aims, successes and attractions of the characters in that dear delightful unreal world of Story in which every girl in turn secretly lives and moves. It is the more sad that this potent influence should be ignored, because there is such a goodly company of books of fiction which are really literature; and a knowledge of these might help to develop such perception of truth and delicacy as would serve to protect the soul no less than to train the taste.—Yours, &c.,

S. CUNNINGTON.

### Life and Literature

SIR,—The interesting letter of "A Hungry Reader" suggests a number of considerations, each of which seems to contradict his rather pessimistic conclusions. He states that "the love of and interest in literature are confined to a select few" because "literary men and critics deal with literature as a thing apart from life and everyday interests," and he obviously thinks that this condition of things has not obtained in the past—at any rate to such an extent as it obtains in the present.



Now is this an approximately true account of the relation of literature to modern life? To some careful observers it has appeared that there never was a time when so large a percentage of well-educated people possessed a keener interest in the writings of their contemporaries. The number of people who share the tastes of "A Hungry Reader" is enormous. Their demand is, in fact, so great as to have created a supply. But the demand is for a presentment of modern life that shall be as multifarious and various as modern life itself. To civilisations simpler than ours belong comparatively simple literatures. In the twentieth century the plays of Mons. M. Maeterlinck are as positively an outcome of "national life" as the novels of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, the poetry of Mr. W. B. Yeats, the more recent dramas of Mr. J. M. Barrie, and one might unkindly add the highly varied comedies which are, unfortunately, sometimes philosophies of Mr. Bernard Shaw. These writers have by no means an equal gift of vision, but they all have in greater or less degree the qualities belonging to genius, and they all present to their readers some one aspect or several aspects of modernity. They do this consistently, and by the inner compulsion of their genius. Their genius is as to their capacity for doing this and nothing less than this. Should they fail here, they fail fundamentally.

But are they originators of a duty newly conceived in the twentieth century? Most certainly not. The two novelists whose consummate ability in synthesis not less than analysis has in the last thirty years so greatly enriched English literature—Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy—have been concerned with giving us a direct transcript of actuality. It has been, however, always the transcript of the painter not the photographer.

On the other hand, "A Hungry Reader" might well have pointed to one peril of which the artist tends to become neglectful. The writer whose main business with his art is the truthful portrayal of the characters and ideas of his fellows is constantly liable to the delusion that the psychological phenomena he records are of less importance than his own social or religious theories regarding them. As a result we have so morally impassioned and brilliantly equipped a writer as Mr. Bernard Shaw, the irretrievable victim of his contemptuous, not to say contemptible indifference to the opinions of all the rest of mankind; and even so profound a thinker as Mr. H. G. Wells, too often more occupied with the future in the distance than with the present which is to produce it.

Yet there is hardly a single author in the front rank of English fiction, of the drama or of poetry who is not faithfully presenting contemporary life, and it might be truly said that the people who are devoid of interest in the literary movements of the day do not, in nine cases out of ten, care a fiddlestick what becomes of any interests outside the narrow orbit of their own petty pleasures.

Progress is with those who can discern in sympathy and with humility. So long as English literature endures the life of the English-speaking peoples will find its exponents and its critics, who must do their duty in despite of both obloquy and eulogy. By their knowledge and by the help of those who have learned to profit by that knowledge the base alloys of ignorance and prejudice shall yet be transmuted into fine gold.—Yours, &c.,

W. KENDALL SMITH.

## "Academy" Questions & Answers

Questions and Answers for this column must be addressed to THE EDITOR, THE ACADEMY AND LITERATURE, 43, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. It will be helpful if the envelope be marked in the top left-hand corner "A.Q.A." Full name and address must be sent, not necessarily for publication. Each Question or Answer must be written on a separate sheet of paper and on only one side of the paper. The Editor will not undertake the forwarding of any correspondence. Questions must be confined to matters of Literature, History, Archaeology, Folk-lore, Art, Music and the Drama. The Editor reserves the right of deciding whether or not any Question or Answer is of sufficient interest to be published.

### Questions

#### LITERATURE

CANTERBURY.—Wanted, the names of works of fiction in which the scenes are laid or principally laid at Canterbury.—*Canterbury*.

HEMONY.—Can any of your correspondents tell me kindly if the plant "Hemony," mentioned by the attendant spirit in Milton's "Comus" as "a small unsightly root, But of divine effect," is to be found among any known flora? Or is it, as I incline to think, a creature of the poet's imagination? It is not in any botanical list that I have, nor do I imagine it is to be found in such a place. The first syllable seems to suggest the Greek *hema*; but the flower is said, in that far country where it opens, to be "bright golden," not blood-red.—*F. S. H.*

"PUNCH'S" RECIPES.—In an old cookery book (1852) I have found three excellent recipes in verse—To make Pea Soup: To dress Eggs à la Tartare: To dress Herrings. They are all quoted "from 'Punch.'" Who was the culinary poet and when did they appear?—*F. Soger*.

PHROSINE ET MELIDOR.—Who was the author of this romance?—*Antonio*.

RICHARD WHYTFORDE.—The Pye or Tonne of the lyfe of perfection (by) The olde wretched brother of Syon, Richard Whytforde, 23rd March, 1532, printed by Robert Redman. What was the fate of R. Whytforde and was the book suppressed?—*E. C. Channer*.

MANGER DES GATEAUX DE NANTERRE.—What is the meaning and origin of this phrase, which occurs in Obermann, Letter xx.—*Antonio*.

EINST, O WUNDER.—A song,

Once, O wonder! once from the ashes of my heart  
Arose a blossom,

is mentioned by R. L. Stevenson in "The Ebb Tide." Can anyone kindly inform me who is the writer of this song and by whom it has been set to music? The music-sellers do not seem to know it.—*M. A. S.*

QUOTATIONS WANTED.—

"Faint heart never won fair lady."—*A. Spkes*.

"Ich komme ich weiss nicht woher,  
Ich gehe ich weiss nicht wohin,  
Ich bin ich weiss nicht was,  
Das macht dass ich so traurig bin."

Quoted in a speech by the late Archbishop Thomson.—*J. G. A.*

Can any reader tell me the author of the following?—

"True as the shell  
To the old ocean's melancholy swell."—*S. B.*

#### GENERAL

THE COMMUNE.—Is there any really impartial history of the Paris Commune, 1871? Memoirs more or less partial abound; I am looking for a detailed and scientific history.—*T. C.*

GEM OF NORMANDY.—Who or what was this personage or thing?—*A. Q. H.*

KU KLUX KLAN.—Where can I obtain sound information about this U.S. secret society?—*S. S. S.*

RADICALS.—When was this name for advanced Liberals first used?—*Whig*.

POLLY.—What is the derivation of this as a diminutive or variant for Mary?—*H. C.*

May I ask, as a landsman, whether it is true that on all men-of-war the King's health, at mess, is always drunk sitting down? If so, why? The artists in the picture-papers are always wrong if my informant be correct.—*J. B.*

## Answers

#### LITERATURE

THE TWA CORBIES.—I remember this ballad in one of the Song Books in "Chappell's Old English Ballads," but it is many years since I have seen these books.—*S. C.*

LYCIDAS.—Is not the two-handed engine the executioner's axe? Calverley in his mastery translation of Lycidas seems to take it this way—

"Illa tamen bimans custodit machina portam."—*R. F. McC.*

PRETTY FANNY'S WAY.—I cannot verify it, but have always understood that it applied to the Lord Francis Harvey, satirized by Pope as "Lord Fanny."—*R. F. McC.*

PRETTY FANNY'S WAY.—I thought every one knew this was Pope's. Lord Fanny is John Lord Herve, the favourite of Queen Caroline and an enemy of Pope, who takes him off in the Satires under the name of "eporus."—*Index*.

THIS LUCID INTERSPACE, &c.—I should have written last week but that I thought there would be many answers. The quotation is from Tennyson's "Lucretius." It is closely imitated from *Lucret. lib. iii. 15, &c.*, and that in turn from *Homer, Od. vi. 42, &c.*—*H. C. P.*

THE LUCID INTERSPACE.—Tennyson's "Lucretius": line 105 "The," not "This."—*F. H. B.*

JUMP TO GLORY JANE.—All that is known is surely to be found in Mr. Quilter's preface to the volume of Meredith entitled by that name.—*R. F. McC.*

THE FIVE NATIONS.—(Nobody seems to have answered this). The Five Nations, I understand, are Great Britain, the Dominion of Canada, the Australian Commonwealth, New Zealand, South Africa.—*H. C. P.*

#### GENERAL

GALWAY JURY.—An enlightened independent jury. The expression has its birth in certain trials held in Ireland in 1635 upon the right of the King to the counties of Ireland. Lettrian, Roscommon, Sligo and Mayo gave judgment in favour of the Crown, but Galway opposed it; whereupon the sheriff was fined £1,000, and each of the jurors £4,000.—*M. McLean Dobree*.

LEAVING IN THE LURCH.—What is a lurch? The "Century Dictionary" defines "lurch" as a position in cribbage—obviously a very disadvantageous one. "To leave in the lurch" then meant, originally, to leave in that position. It is too correct, one would say cribbage must once have been a much more popular game than it is at present.—*Index*.

#### NOTES

Let us preserve them in our libraries however—  
These idios do very well to block up one of the roads that leads to nothing.—*Anon. (probably Fitzgerald)*.

Quidam aliquos libros quid opus servare roganti  
"Ut claudant nusquam quo magis fur' ait."—*C. S. O.*

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses—which he is loved and blessed by.—*Carlyle*.

Quæ benedicit amat? Benedicatur ipse et amator  
De quibus? Hoc dicens dic aliquis opes.—*C. S. O.*

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